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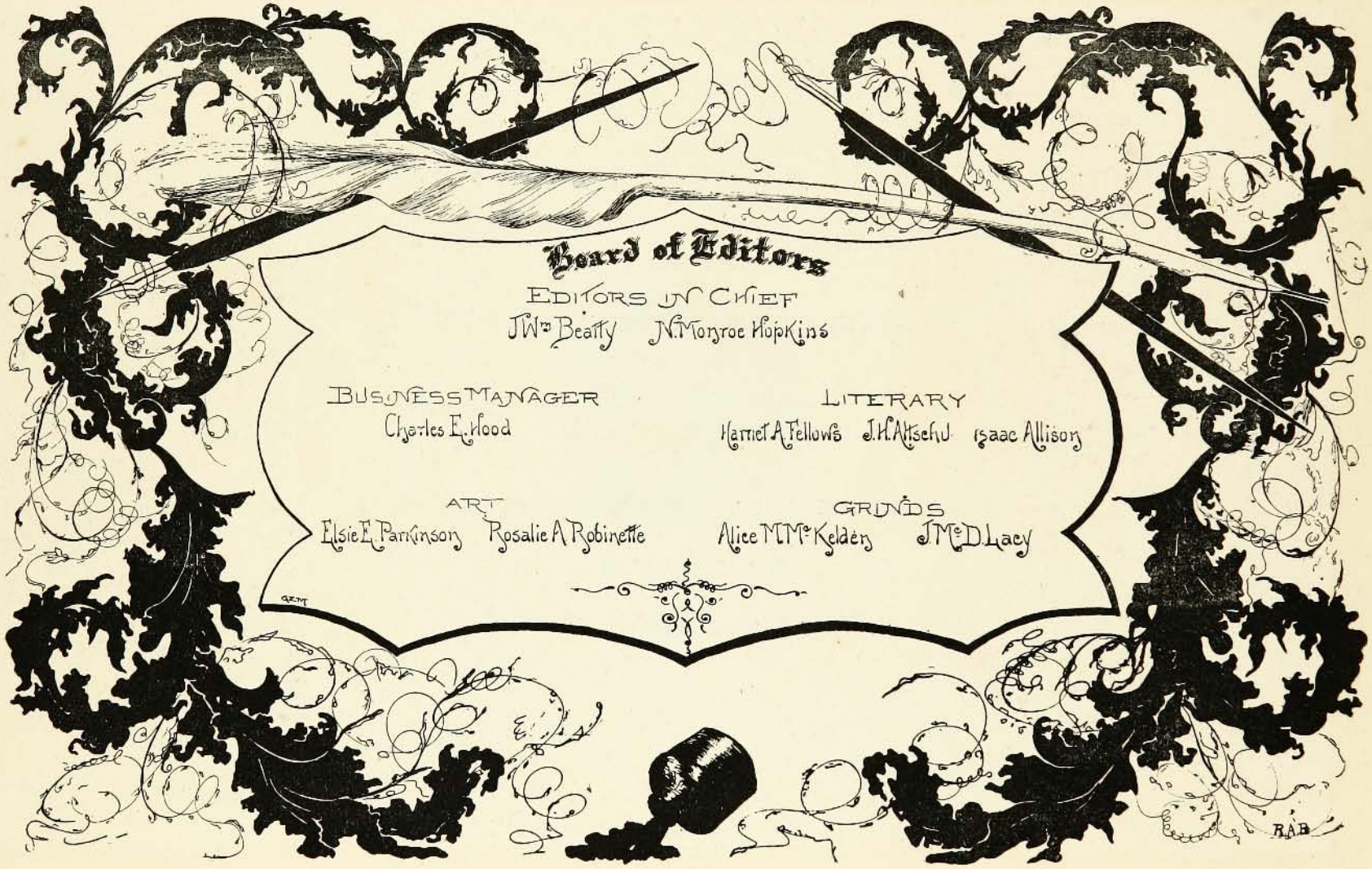
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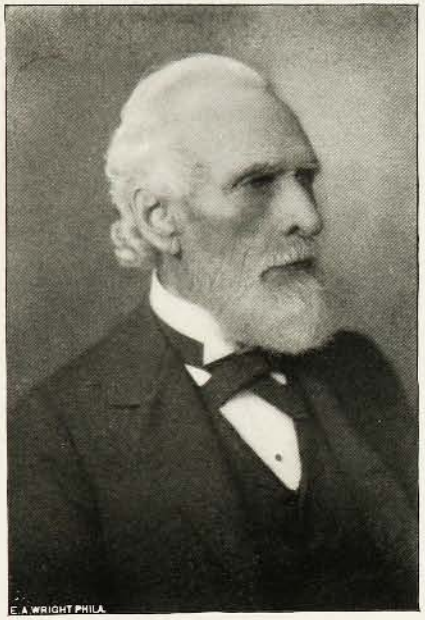
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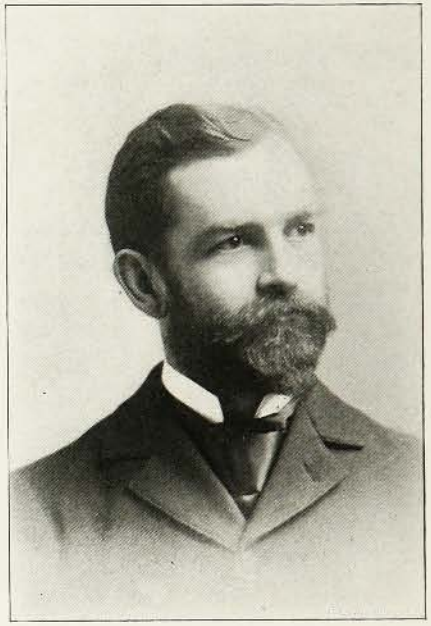
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BACON, Rev. CHAS. BALDWIN, *Z Ψ*

BEATTY, J. WILLIAM

BERRY, GEORGE MAGRUDER

BROWN, LORENZO STARR, Jr., *Π K A*

BUXTON, BRONSON C.

COCKERILLE, PAUL

CUTTER, E. KENDALL, *Σ X*

DRAPER, LIDA

GREEN, G. EMERY

HARLAN, ROLVIX

HOBSON, ALPHONSO A.

MANNING, WILLIAM SAUNDERS, *Θ Δ X*

MASON, SELMA M.

McKELDON, ALICE MADELEINE

NEWLANDS, FRANCES CLARA

NORRIS, ETHELDREDA LORD, *Π B Φ*

PARKMAN, Mrs. JOSEPHINE BETTES

PEELLE, STANTON C., *Θ Δ X*

RAY, PRESTON BLAIR, *Φ K Ω*

RAYBOLD, GEORGE IRVING

SMITH, INA AUGUSTA

SENIOR CLASS.

MOTTO : "Vivere est cogitare."

COLOR : Garnet.

FLOWER : American Beauty Rose.

YELL : 'Ninety-nine ! 'Ninety-nine !
Who will find ? Who will find ?
Such a class as 'Ninety-nine !

Class Officers.

President—BRONSON CHAPIN BUXTON.

Vice-President—LIDA DRAPER.

Secretary—JAMES WILLIAM BEATTY.

Treasurer—GEORGE IRVING RAYBOLD.

Class Day Officers.

Orator—PRESTON BLAIR RAY.

Poet—EDWIN KENDALL CUTTER.

Historian—ALICE MADELEINE MCKELDEN.

Prophet—ROLVIX HARLAN.

Presenters.

SELMA MARSTELLA MASON.

ETHELDREDA LORD NORRIS.

Historian for Columbiad—STANTON CANFIELD PEELLE.







Senior Class History.

Columbian College.

[From the National Dramatic Critic.]

IT is with great regret that we have noticed how shortly the engagement of the "Class of '99" company is to close. From the great popularity of the company, as evinced by its remarkable run during the past four years, we feel confident that at its closing performance the house will be packed to overflowing. Nor is this popularity undeserved. To say the very least, the cast is composed entirely of stars, and of so great ability are all that it is practically impossible in a short criticism to give anything like due credit to every one. Suffice it to say that the company by no means lacks variety of talent, but is composed of members who are able and ready to fill any part that may be assigned them.

Perhaps, reader, you are of a disposition to say, "What's in a name?" But surely, as you have heard mentioned the names of the world's great men your heart has throbbed the faster. Listen, then, as I read from the cast of the company: William the Conqueror, the Duke of Berry, two of the Georges, Sir Henry Irving, King Alphonzo, and Augustus Cæsar.

Of course, every one knows the plot of the play, "The Class of '99," so I need not take up your time in going over it; but I must tell you what a friend of mine said about it just the other day. He met me on the street, and before I could say a word

burst out, "Say, that play is simply immense! Those four acts and the four years they portray are just about as interesting as anything I know of! And the company—well, the company is simply all right!"

Since the above paragraph was penned, some one has suggested to me that I may have been mistaken, and that perhaps there may be a few, a very few, who do not know the plot of "The Class of '99." Alas! you few, you poor benighted heathen! How my heart goes out to you in pity! Would that I might cast into the inky darkness of your ignorance even one little ray of light! But no—it would not be fitting that I should take up the time of the many with something so familiar to them.

However, I may be permitted a word in general for your benefit. The play, then, I would say, is very realistic, very true to life. Now one character, now another, disappears—vanishes, I might almost say; nor does any denouement account for these or tell us what has become of them. Further, I would say that the play is not constructed upon classic lines. There are four acts, and the time supposed to elapse during each act is one year so there are several scenes in each act.

A person I know, who is always prying about for a simile or a metaphor, suggests that the course of the play is much like that of a student going through the four years of college. Acting upon this suggestion, perhaps I cannot better characterize the four acts of "The Class of '99" than by quoting the Arab proverb:

He that knows not and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool—shun him.

He that knows not and knows that he knows not, he is simple—teach him.

He that knows and knows not that he knows, he is asleep—wake him.

He that knows and knows that he knows, he is wise—follow him.

But why should I ramble on further? My words can give no adequate idea of the play, so I would say to one and all, Go! see for yourselves!





Members

Senior Class, Scientific School.

JOHN PHIPPS ALEXANDER.
JOHN ELMER ARMSTRONG.
GEORGE LOWMAN BEELER.
DAVID HOLMES BLAKELOCK.
ELDRIDGE ROGER BOYLE.
ARCHIBALD WEBSTER BROWN.
MAURICE OWEN ELDRIDGE.
ROY BAGLEY HAYES.

JAMES EDGAR HIATT.
EDWARD L. HILLYER.
CHARLES EMERSON HOOD.
NEVILLE MONROE HOPKINS.
EDWARD JANNEY SIDWELL LUPTON.
GUY BENNETT MAREAN.
RALPH BREWSTER MAREAN.
ORTON L. MEIGS.

ROBERT F. PORTNER.
FRANK EUGENE SKINNER.
GEORGE CARROLL TODD.
CLINTON P. TOWNSEND.
MAYVILLE WILLIAM TWITCHELL.
LINEAS D. UNDERWOOD.
FRANCIS REPETTI WELLER.
K. LULALIA YANCEY.

. . Class Officers '99 . .

Motto : Knowledge is Power.

Flower : Trailing Arbutus.

President . . . FRANK EUGENE SKINNER

Vice-President . ARCHIBALD WEBSTER BROWN

Secretary . . . GEORGE LOWMAN BEELER

Treasurer . . . GUY BENNETT MAREAN

Poet JAMES EDGAR HIATT

Orator . . MAYVILLE WILLIAM TWITCHELL

Prophet . . . Miss K. LULALIA YANCEY

Sergeant-at-Arms . . . ORTON L. MEIGS

Historian . . . GEORGE CARROLL TODD

Editors.

CHARLES EMERSON HOOD . . . N. MONROE HOPKINS

History of the Class of '99,

Corcoran Scientific School.

WE purpose to briefly sketch the history of our Class in its various phases—Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior. Our plan will, then, not be confined exclusively to the transactions of the Senior Class, as such, and we think this appropriate, inasmuch as the first three years of our career have not hitherto attracted the attention of the historian.

Without further introduction, let us go back to the fall of '95 and retrace the steps which have brought us without mishap to our destination. Very soon after we matriculated a meeting was called to effect an organization of all undergraduates of the School. We marked the occasion by electing one of our Class president of the society. Such an exhibition of irreverence to seniority was certainly reprehensible, and did not escape censure. The present President of the University was inaugurated while we were yet Freshmen, and it was our privilege to participate in the attending ceremonies. It is pertinent to recall that in connection with this event an inspired student (not of our Class, however) gave utterance to the "yell" which has since been adopted by the School.

The first two commencements which we attended are vividly remembered. Having many points of resemblance, they may very well be spoken of together. Both were thoroughly successful and enjoyable. In each the audience was within hailing distance of the stage, while the graduates were allowed some prominence. In fine, they were model affairs.

Ninety-six found us quite prepared to assume the grave responsibilities that we inherited as Sophomores. It should be remarked, in justice to truth, that many of the most cherished sophomoric traditions and ideals were cruelly shattered by this Class of '99. Freshmen were regarded with courtesy, and even Seniors were not entirely inferior persons. There are among us, indeed, zealous reformers, who would have carried still further the iconoclastic crusade, but more conservative counsel prevailed.

The record of this year would be very incomplete if we failed to note the formation of a society which was destined to have a most tumultuous career. This organization will be known to fame as "The Old Guard." An entertaining account of its exploits might be written, but we had better not usurp the function of its own historian. It violates no propriety, however, to say that its activities were not always confined to the arts of peace; nor is it improper to state the result of one of its memorable engagements. "After an indecisive winter cam-

paign, the opposing forces met for the final conflict late in the spring of '98. A sanguinary struggle ensued. 'The Old Guard' fought with desperate valor, but was soon compelled to execute a hasty retreat. It did not sufficiently recover from the disaster to take the field again until the following October." (For further particulars consult the archives of "The Old Guard.")

An episode in connection with the Spanish War presses for recognition. It was a pathetic episode, and we approach it with becoming gravity. When the call for volunteers came a few members of our Class were in the militia, and through several anxious weeks they lived in painful apprehension lest military duties prevent their participation in the Junior examinations. Throughout the terrible ordeal they were supported by the sympathy of their classmates.

Last fall we presented our credentials as Seniors—the first class under the present administration of the University to complete the four-year term. About half of us matriculated in '95, while each succeeding year has noted some accession to our ranks, until now we about twice exceed in number any of our predecessors. This distinction alone, we feel, should entitle us to particular mention in the annals of our Alma Mater.

During the short space of our college career many events have transpired which are calculated to hold the close attention of the historian of Columbian, and we have watched with deep personal interest the accumulating evidence of prosperity and promise. The election of our present executive, who has administered with so much success the affairs of the University, would mark an epoch in itself. Only last year our Dean, after a notable service, resigned his office to another, who had already firmly established himself in the respect of the student body. Again, we have seen buildings erected, new schools auspiciously launched, and new courses outlined, while all the time the older departments have been steadily perfected.

And now, before we close, let us give ourselves to contemplation for just a moment. Recall the prospect presented in our Freshman year and compare it with that now before us. The contrast is certainly interesting, and may well be profitable. The personal relations that have resulted from our association will be an enduring memory of college life, while the cordial agreement which has always existed between the officers and faculty of the University and our Class will be the source of pleasant recollection.

But this reminiscent mood reminds us that we are at the end of our narrative, and we heed the warning, wishing to our Alma Mater a future richly freighted with prosperity.

HISTORIAN CLASS '99.

Junior Class.

. . . College . . .

Beard, Edward Abbot

Chase, George G., $\theta \Delta X$

Coburn, Harry C., Jr., ΣX

Domer, Harry Tennyson, $\theta \Delta X$

Fuller, Hubert Bruce

Gillis, W. Weir, $\theta \Delta X$

Keller, Charles B.

Lindsey, Melville Wilmer, $\theta \Delta X$

Matson, John Warren

Maynard, Colton

Parkinson, Elsie Elisabeth, $\Pi B \Phi$

Robinette, Rosalie A., $\Pi B \Phi$

Sterrett, William Dent, $\theta \Delta X$

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Vice-President . . ELSIE E. PARKINSON.

Secretary CHARLES B. KELLER.

Treasurer HARRY C. COBURN.

Historian COLTON MAYNARD.

Pipe Orator HUBERT B. FULLER.

Motto.

"Non scire omnia fas est sed scimus."

Colors.

Old Rose and Corn Color.

Flower.

Rose-colored Peony.

Yell.

Euchre, Poker
Crap, Fan Tan,
Nineteen hundred,
Columbian !

Junior Class History.

THE Class of Nineteen Hundred, at the close of the Junior year, is able to look back upon a successful and prosperous session, upon duties well performed and honors well earned, and to felicitate itself upon the happy termination of the pleasantest portion of the entire college course, for the Junior year is without doubt the one in which the largest amount of solid work is accomplished and the greatest number of salubrious occasions enjoyed ; when, with the petty rivalries of the past forgotten and the breathless straining after degrees still far in the future, we take study and recreation as they come, and find the occupation of the present moment sufficient to hold our interest and receive the concentrated force of our energies.

The Freshman year may be styled a search for tender treatment ; the Sophomores, as we all know, are engaged in a search for trouble; the Seniors grow pale and thin in their search for titles; but we will have none of these things. It is the search for truth which engrosses the attention of every Junior, and it is the most delightful and profitable of them all.

The word truth is used here in its fullest sense. Toward whatever subject the human mind is capable of directing itself that is worthy of our investigation, no problem is too profound, no topic too trivial for the comprehensive intellects of which this class is composed. We must be familiar with the phenomena of self-consciousness and the dates of the Popes, but we must also have an intimate knowledge of the latest coon song and the personnel of the base-ball teams for the season of 1899. We read the Rubaiyát of Omar Khayyam and the Rubaiyát of Doc Sifers with equal appreciation. While we study the pomp and ceremonial of the court functions of the Bourbons, in no wise do we neglect the social customs of our own times ; and the Lager of Wallenstein and the lager of Milwaukee shall cheer us and inspire us to great deeds. Verily the search for truth is a mighty quest and demanding the employment of all our vigor of mind and body. But we are by no means content to take things as they seem, for thereby cometh error and humiliation. Ultimate reality, and not transitory appearance, is the goal of our search. Still less would we be guilty of distorting facts for the sake of making a more powerful impression. "Oh, my juvenile friends," exclaims the virtuous Mr. Chadband, "if the master of this house were to go forth into the city and there see an eel, and were to return and to say untoe the mistress of this house, 'Sarah, rejoice with me, for I have beheld an elephant !' would that be Terewth ?" No, never ! What we are after is truth in its purest essence—undefiled, unadulterated, and unembalmed. We want to know, you know, and the entire Circumlocution Office shall not deter us.

But truth cannot be obtained by musing quietly at home over a book, nor yet by sitting in a class-room and taking copious notes of the utterances of the oracle. Personal investigation, original research, are the methods to be employed, and the Class

of Nineteen Hundred girds up its loins and goes forth into the world to see for itself how the wheels go round. Other students are content to know the superficial aspects of the college building and its more frequented chambers, but the Juniors are familiar with the mysteries of the elevator in the remote corner of the basement and with the works of art which adorn the studio in the lofty turret. Others are content to know the professors only as they appear *in cathedra ;* the Juniors, indefatigable in their search for truth, have discovered their church affiliations, the size of their families, what they like best to eat and drink, and many important events of their past lives ; and, rebelling against the meager information contained in the standard text-books, these ardent devotees of wisdom frequently introduce into their recitations remarks of such startling originality as to paralyze with astonishment the conservative instructors.

The college walls cannot contain the exuberant spirits of the dauntless Juniors. These seekers after truth sally boldly forth from the halls of their Alma Mater, and, filled with the same resistless spirit of investigation, explore Washington from top to bottom, from the Cairo flats to the Potomac flats. Nay, some valiant pioneers press out far into the primeval forest, cutting their way through almost impenetrable wilds as far as Cleveland Park and Chevy Chase in one direction, or Alexandria and River View in the other. Every nook and corner of the Capital City is thoroughly familiar to the Juniors, as are its customs, times, and seasons. They know the hour at which the gallery door of the National Theater is opened, and the hour at which the Wellington is closed for the night. They understand at what hour to appear on F street, and at what hour to join the Connecticut Avenue promenade. They know what line of street cars will carry them to Buffalo Bill, and their vest pockets bulge with unused herdic transfers.

The vast amount of special information the class has accumulated is of great value not only to its own possessors, but to the rest of the college as well. When a Freshman, or a Sophomore, or a Senior wants to know the equation of the hyperbola, or the score of the last game between Washington and Philadelphia, or whether Maggie Stuart has had his hair cut, or any other old thing, he turns to the nearest Junior and addresses his query. About the only questions the Juniors are not asked are, what time it is and who is leading chapel this morning. The reason for the first omission is that their watches are generally in the care of their beloved uncles. Far be it from the present historian to account for the second.

However, if the value of a college course were measured entirely by the number of facts which could be crammed into young minds in the space of four years, one might as well stay at home and give oneself entirely to reading and memorizing. The acquirement of knowledge is necessary, but not the *one* thing needful. A student is no worse off, but very much better, for being able to recite the list of rulers of England in order from Alfred to Victoria; but this is not all. The search for truth should do better than collect a lot of facts without order or arrangement. The lover of wisdom must learn control over mind and body ; he must acquire catholic sympathies and breadth of view from the contact of his fellow-seekers ; he must increase in power of drawing logical conclusions, and, finally, must grow to see in the multitude of phenomena before him an organized system directed by a controlling intelligence. Such, with all humility, is the aim of the Junior Class of Nineteen Hundred. With kindest thoughts of our fellow-students, with feelings of warmest affection and respect for those at whose feet we sit, with pleasant memories of the past, joy in the present, and confidence in the future, we stand at the close of a year well spent looking onward toward the light.

πρὸς τὸ Φῶς.

= = Junior Class = =

- - SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL - -

BREWER, MARTHA MARIA

CUTTING, HARRY ORMUND

DAVIS, WILLIAM HAMMETT

DIDDEN, GEORGE A.

HOLT, LESTER MORTON

LACY, JOHN McD.

OLBERG, CHARLES REAL

PIERCE, CHARLES HERBERT

SCOTT, WALTER ARMITAGE

TAGGART, GILES RUSSELL

THATCHER, FRANK HOSFORD

THOMPSON, EDWARD CYRUS

WEST, SARA

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SECRETARY AND TREASURER - MISS MARTHA MARIA BREWER.

HISTORIAN CHARLES HERBERT PIERCE.

POET - - MISS SARA WEST. EDITOR - - J. McD. LACY.

Junior Class, Scientific School.

HISTORY.

Militavi non sine gloria.

HOW long it seems since we first entered Columbian's Halls confidently, yet with feelings tempered by awe and reverence. Our reverence has increased with passing time; perhaps the awe has disappeared, but in its place has come awe for our dear College Home. The first event in our history was a fierce discussion over the old question of the new woman. This warfare of ideas was finally settled by an oratorical battle in which the "antis" exhaled vast volumes of breath, while the able representatives of the College woman demolished their works with the solid shot of argument. The war was concluded by a protocol, by which it was agreed that the College woman should be the whole thing, and the vanquished should surrender unconditionally. The victors generously consoled the vanquished, providing a feast and tables set *siculis dapibus*, nor was sweet music absent. The Queen Regent of the class presided, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Under their general rule our progress has been unparalleled.

On through its first year went 1900 gayly, for it was not [yet] overburdened with knowledge, and at last reached from the greensward of our Freshmanship up into the Sophomore branches. Through these we climbed with many a "scratch," for the Tree of Knowledge is thorny as well as fruitful. We found, too, that some of its branches were rotten, and many a hard fall they took out of us. The wonderful heights we had obtained made us, perhaps, a little dizzy at times, but—was Kummerts?

Into them all we went. Chemistry? Well! That heavenly odor which fills our halls and gently but firmly pervades the entire sixth precinct is the triumph of the best and fairest of chemists. A divine compound once inhaled, never forgotten. And Physics? Ah! you should see some gentle Junior swain at play with the Syren, while her fierce shrieks and discordant yells reverberate through the Wolff den, or anon, changing to music sweeter than ever fell from Lesbian lyre, mark his con-

trol of all her varying moods and illustrate all the laws of Sound at once.

German has become our step-mother tongue. We tell our secrets in it and they are safe. And how enchanting our sessions by the fireside, when the lights burned soft and low and we sang sweet chansons or versed the epics of old Spain ; and if perchance the lights went out—Ou 'est ce que c'est ? Quien sabe ?

Among our most delightful remembrances is Christmas of '97. We unselfishly shared our pleasure with the entire school. The tree groaning and groaned at, Santa, a thing of beauty and a joy forever, the gifts, the consternation ! One of our number who, did not Chemistry absorb her soul, would win a brilliant fame as a Prima Donna, made her initial bow, supported by another, known far as scientist and musician—two rare attainments, ne c'est pas ?

Staid and dignified Juniors, we now look back on those unsophisticated days, when the proud possessor of most CO_2 was Hobsonized and won rich prizes in blowing soap bubbles. Then the Thespian fury seized us. How we trembled to get on that creaking old stage [and fairly shook when we got on it]. Trilby, how beautifully posed, and Gibson was more than grandly represented. Wearied with pleasure, we turned to Math for change, and got it.

Through Algebra and Trig we went, as we had earlier done, with measles or whooping-cough. And the Conics, how we got onto their curves. The "devices" we used were infinite and differentiated from those of the text. Not even antiquity escaped our fervid search. We have wept with the youthful Tacitus, dying in agony after hearing one of his father's speeches; have sat around the board with genial Horace and with him sipped the rich Falernian ; and the Frogs have croaked to us as they never did to Aristophanes.

Among the numerous well-known works which attest our activity are—

Olberg on Curves.
Brewer's Treatise on Awful Organic Compounds.
Pierce: Monograph, How not to handle Phosphorus.
Lacy: Latest thing in Greek Roots.
West: Comments on Horace.
Taggart: How to Identify Minerals at Sight.

It can be seen that we have been busy. Approaching now the dizzy verge of greatness, about to "pass up" [we hope] into the glorious heights of Seniordom, we look back proudly over our varying career, and forward we see before us one flight more, and we shall graduate from dear Columbian, and then—the twentieth century will dawn upon the world. How great we are going to make it, that world, perhaps, does not suspect; but it will know some time. We regret that our ranks are not quite perfect ; some of our most valued members have fallen out of the ranks, but we hope to see them rejoin us and to have the round and perfect number of our class present on graduation day.

The Class of 1900.

A good, bold class,
A jolly, bright class,
Is the class of 1900;
With its boys so gay
And its girls so mild,
The class of 1900.

When Columbian's halls
With laughter sounds,
It's the class of 1900;
When her mighty walls
With shouts rebound,
It's the class of 1900.

Then, Ho! for the class,
That merry old class,
The class of 1900.
Long live the dear old C. S. S.
And its class of 1900.

When laboratory's
Tables shake,
'Tis the class of 1900;
When at exams.
Stout hearts do quake,
It's the hearts of 1900.

Where work is done,
Where jokes are played,
There's the class of 1900;
"Occasions" squared,
"Termupations" made,
Belong to 1900.

So, Ho! for the class,
The merry, bright class,
The class of 1900.
Long live the dear old C. S. S.
And its class of 1900.

- - Sophomore Class - -

COLLEGE

Ashford, Horace Frost, *Θ Δ Χ*

Birch, Blanche Louise

Franzoni, Cecilia, *Π Β Φ*

Frisby, Florence E.

Fuller, Charles Franklin

Hance, Eleanor Wilson

Hawes, Samuel Nathaniel

Knight, Evelyn E., *Π Β Φ*

Leach, Boynton McConnell

Lee, Helen, *Π Β Φ*

Lynch, Sara P., *Π Β Φ*

Robinson, Nathaniel E., Jr.

Sherman, John, Jr., *Φ Κ Ψ*

Slaybaugh, George Eldred, *Κ Α*

Smith, Harry Bradley

Taggart, Hugh T., Jr.

Thönssen, Pearl Edna

Underwood, Norman

Whitney, Carl E.

Sophomore Class.

* * *

Motto : πάντα νικῆσαι πετρὸν.

Colors : Magenta and White.

Flower : Carnation.

Yell : Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka,
Boom, boom, bah !
'01, '01, Rah ! rah ! rah !

Class Officers.

President, HARRY B. SMITH. *Vice-President,* HELEN LEE.

Secretary and Treasurer, SARA P. LYNCH.

Historian for Class and Annual, HORACE F. ASHFORD.

History of the Sophomore Class.

CONFIDENT in our strength, so manifestly shown in the sanguinary contests of last year, we of the Class of 1901 assembled for the second time to hear the opening exercises and welcome the Class of 1902. The youngsters entered chapel with an assumed air of courage and unconcern ; but when they beheld the worthies of our class, pallor o'erspread their tender cheeks and fear o'ercame them, for now they truly perceived how much superior we were.

For a time there was peace, and deep sorrow did brood over our camp, since our younger "brethren and sist'ren" of the Class of 1902 showed a meek and humble spirit, which was not in keeping with the importance of their position as representatives of Columbian College; but one day the children of the Freshman Class did waken from their deep sleep and resolve to hold a class meeting "behind closed doors." Alas for their efforts to keep their schemes from our knowledge ! Little did they know the far-reaching power of our name and reputation. Scarcely had they opened their meeting when one of their number, wearying of the uneventful life of a Freshman, rushed forth, crying, "I want to be a Sophomore and with the Sophomores stand." Hastening downstairs, this "bold, bad, ready man" informed us that the Freshies were holding a class meeting. Deeply grieved that they had not invited us to be present and aid them, we decided to attend the event and offer our assistance. Our venerable dean, who has ever shown a kindly interest in such matters, had already reached the room in which the disobedient children had locked themselves, and we arrived in time to hear him say, "I am the dean. Sesame!" His fierce tones evidently led the terror-stricken Freshmen to believe that he was one of the hostile Sophomores, for the door remained fast closed in spite of the magic words. When, however, a valiant Senior, at the risk of his life, appeared at the transom and assured those within that the dean himself was knocking at the door, the Freshman opened to him and craved his protection. How much better would it have been for them had they not believed in the "open-door policy !" As those of the Class of 1902 trooped forth they trembled so pitifully that it became necessary for us to assist them downstairs, and, with a gentle reproof and admonition, to see that they were started safely homeward.

Unfortunately, one of the unworthies of the Freshman Class was absent when his brethren were instructed in the requirements of a college student. Since the aforesaid young gentleman showed plainly the need of correction and advice, we decided to show him some attentions. Accordingly a delegation met him and showed him scenes new and never to be forgotten. When the gallant youth saw that modesty forbade our boasting

of our kind attentions to him he did relate to a goodly number of appreciative hearers the many delightful surprises of his "personally conducted tour through ye cellar."

Now, the Freshman girls, relying on their superior numbers for victory, showed a haughty and unbearable spirit, and thereby roused the Sophomore girls to action. Resolved to humble the haughty Freshmen, a band of Sophomore maidens placed the hats of their erring sisters in inconvenient places, thus compelling them to seek counsel and beg forgiveness for their waywardness.

After these bloodless victories over his foes, the studious Sophomore did apply himself to study for exams., always remembering the advice of a certain well-known and beloved professor: "Help yourselves and the heavens will help you." The result would have been surprising in any class but that of 1901, since several deserving members received A in Mathematics, and one is reported to have even received a mark of A in both Mathematics and Physics.

By such and other deeds has our class won and maintained an enviable reputation. What other class can boast such simple and artistic class paper? What class other than our own could have dreamed of such a successful and agreeable social event as we held the night of the 24th of February. Such an event certainly deserves a few words in this history. Rarely has there been a more perfect evening than that on which the Class of 1901 assembled "en masse" at the hospitable home of one of its most loyal and attractive girls. All too quickly did the hours speed in the delights of music, dancing, recitations, conversation, and refreshments, so that when the time of departure came every one pronounced the class social of '01 a complete success, and the memory of its pleasures is an added reason for being proud of "the finest class under the sun."

Class of 1901

Scientific School.

Officers.

PRESIDENT EDWIN E. ROBERTS.

VICE-PRESIDENT D. LE ROY TOPPING.

SECRETARY OLIVE M. RIDDLEBERGER.

HISTORIAN HARRIET A. FELLOWS.

Members.

FANNIE E. ADAMS.

WILLIAM B. CROWELL.

HARRIET A. FELLOWS.

ELLA M. FORD.

JOHN B. GORDON.

A. SIDNEY JONES.

HUMPHREYS MILLIKIN.

JENNIE OTTENBERG.

JULIAN PIERCE.

OLIVE M. RIDDLEBERGER.

EDWARD B. ROANE.

EDWIN E. ROBERTS.

HAROLD B. STABLER.

EDWARD C. THOMPSON.

WALTER C. THORNELEY.

D. LE ROY TOPPING.

LINDA M. TWEEDALE.

History of the Class of 1901.

"We've had good times, and studied—some."

THE Class of 1901 does not claim preëminence for scholarship. If our professors claim it for us, that is not our fault, and we have to admit that our firmament is not lacking in stars of the first magnitude. It does not claim preëminence for beauty, although no one can deny that the prize to "the most charming" fell to its lot; but it seriously doubts that a class of greater sociability ever assembled in the school. From the first evening it marched through the doorway, headed by "Santa Claus" and the "Matron," and with the "Baby" and the "Hairpin" ending the long procession, it has radiated an atmosphere of good-fellowship. At its coming the Columbian Corcoran took on new life, and our Saturday evenings were eagerly anticipated. The Ghost Party, the Christmas Tree, the Valentine Party, the Picture Gallery, all witness the influence of 1901.

Other classes have studied chemistry, but what other class ever transformed the formulas into romances and the examinations into occasions from which it arose, not dejected, but refreshed; where a cake walk was executed after each question? How we enjoyed the "Matron's" carbonified hydrocarbon and the "Most Charming's" hydrocarbon dew!

But not only did 1901 chemically extract sunshine, but the "termupations" of its mathematical career were also noteworthy.

"Oh, how quadratics stared us in the face;
Add two to each equation, then divide,
Find an ingenious twist; it is a special case;
Oh, say, what shall I do? There is no easy side."

But there was a bright side, and we found it in our "flunk party," so called, of course, by the rule of contraries. After the many torrid nights in the recitation-rooms, how we luxuriated in that evening out under the clear sky, and how exultingly we danced around the funeral pyre of our defeated enemy, singing:

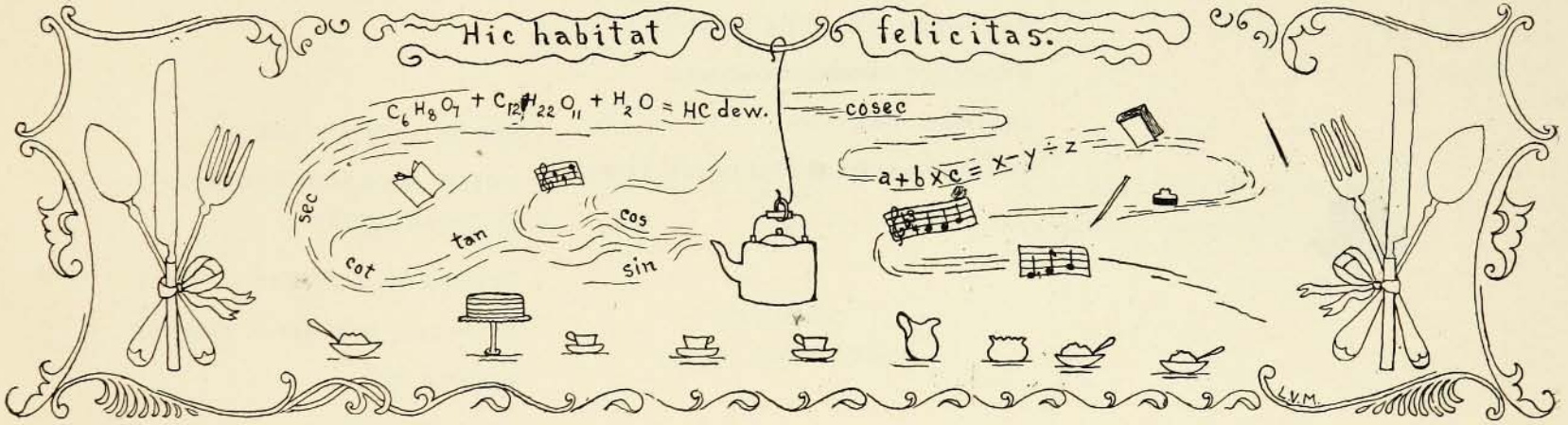
"Oh, Algebra! Oh, Algebra!
Farewell to thee, stern Algebra.
Binomial Theorem is no more,
And Radicals, with Horner's lore,
Convergents, too, forevermore
Are doomed to wrath and ruin."

Some may remember the night we attempted to "square the occasion," which ended in a veritable "surprise party," leav-

ing us standing in the little way station, ten miles from Washington, at 11 p. m., watching the fast-disappearing rear lights of ithe train we had expected to bring us home.

Time fails to review all the doings of our memorable first year; but its history is incomplete without a glimpse at the mechanical drawing room. How we loved that room. We spent all our holidays there, and only tore ourselves away at night from pity to the janitor. There we studied the "circle and eclipse," and there was the true "conversation of energy," and there, too, was war. Would we could dwell longer on those fond memories, as well as on the fireside games, the sketching parties, and the "cramming" assemblies, which made up some of our joys as Freshmen.

As Sophomores we are more subdued. We have lost both head and foot of our entering procession, and we have lost our "Beauty" and our "Artist." Some of us might be happier had we bravely said, "Throw Physics to the dogs; we'll none of it." Others wish their patriotic fervor had led them to reject German under existing international difficulties. Our "Connecticut energy" has dwindled to zero, but that we still retained our potential energy was proven on Washington's Birthday, when our long-hoped-for Algebra Reunion took place. Overtopping all the hills of difficulty in our pathway, this bright occasion shines out over our field of vision. In its light we discerned the signs of the times, and in its flash-light we were ourselves embalmed, each with his sign upon him and with the olive branch waving over all. That scene of mirth and feasting fittingly closes this history, which, so far as it is specific to the Class of 1901, is one of socials and suppers. The routine of the course we share with all other classes, and will leave its history to him who wishes to recount it.



Freshman Class

COLLEGE.

CLARK, BERTHA WINIFRED

EVANS, LOLA MAY

FLINT, WESTON BROWN

FORD, MAY ELIZABETH

HOBGOOD, MARY LUCRETIA, Π Β Φ

HOSKINS, ETTA LOUISE

McGROARTY, LUCINA FRANCES

McWHORTER, ROBERT LIGON, JR.

MOORE, ROLLAND BRYANT, Θ Δ Χ

PARSON, ARTLEY BEEBER, Θ Δ Χ

RANDOLPH, FRANCES HOWELL

REINKE, LOTTIE

SANDERS, FRANCES

SHALLENBERGER, JOSEPHINE POWER

SMITH, FLORA WARREN

SMITH, NELLA MARGUERITE

SPERRY, PAUL

STERRETT, DOUGLAS B., Θ Δ Χ

STEWART, MARSHALL BOWYER

STUART, W. G.

TURNER, M. ELSIE

Freshman Class Officers

PRESIDENT - - - ARTLEY B. PARSON.

VICE-PRESIDENT - - FRANCES B. SANDERS.

SECRETARY - - - - - LOLA M. EVANS.

TREASURER - - - - - W. G. STUART.

HISTORIAN - - - - - - - - - - - - M. ELSIE TURNER.

HISTORIAN FOR ANNUAL - - - - - - - - WESTON B. FLINT.

Class Colors: Violet and Gray.

Class Flower: Violet.

Class Yell:

Rah! Rah! Rah! Roo! Roo! Roo!
Columbian! Columbian! Naughty-two!

Class Motto:

Qui non proficit, deficit.

History of the Freshman Class for 1899.

"Freshmen tried and true are we,
Fresher still than Sophs can be."

Again the Freshman Class comes to the front. When has it not? It would be natural to raise the class "*sublimam*," but, as we do not wish to be conventional, we leave that task to the other class scribes to do with their several histories; but we must say, frankly, that we *are* "*primus*"—first in lunches, first in receptions, social and otherwise, and first in quality, though not in quantity.

The year has been delightful, especially in the social line. We Freshmen were somewhat doubtful at first as to the cordiality of our collegemates, but, as if by magic, our doubts were driven to the winds and we were received, literally as well as figuratively, with open arms. The enthusiastic reception given us by the dear Sophs was so soon in forthcoming that we were immediately at home with them.

Our first reception was one of the most elaborate in the history of the College. The receiving party were at their best, and presented every means for our comfort and delight. For refreshments there were boiled erasers, fried chalk, and an assortment of water-ice (inverted). The serving was excellent, and altogether it was a most enjoyable time, though the Sophs were perhaps wearied by their overzeal. As a mark of the highest esteem and veneration, the young gentlemen of the Freshman Class were escorted by the obliging Sophs downstairs and even out to the sidewalk, where there was an affectionate farewell. It was nobly done, and surely they have our sincerest appreciation and gratitude.

This was only *one* reception. There have been "others." The Sophomore girls planned a fashionable "spread" for the girls of our class and exerted every energy to make it interesting, and they succeeded. The Sophomores recognized their own characters, as some all at once took upon themselves ghostly shapes and demoniacal countenances. The sight would have transfixed with terror any but the Freshman girls; and to be compelled to feast upon cold flesh and warm blood would have sent any others into a fainting fit; but they, undaunted and fearless, with true Socratic resignment, partook with greedy appetite till their hostesses were alarmed by their foreboding glances and came back to *unnatural* life. The Sophs seem to be outdoing themselves in heaping coals of fire upon our heads by their tender-hearted, loving actions.

We shall never go backwards. Our class has developed various talents—poetic, musical, oratorical, and otherwise—and who knows but that we may be harboring within our walls a Milton, a Paderewski, a Webster, or even an "Infern(o)al" Dante. So our banner waves aloft, "*Qui non procedit, recedit*," and we feel that old Columbian is secure with such a Freshman Class.

WESTON B. FLINT,
Historian.

Freshman Class of '98-'99.

SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.

ROBERT Y. RHEA.*
R. E. MUEDEN.*
E. G. MARSH.*
R. G. SMITH.*
LEROY M. LAW.*
HARRY L. COLESTOCK.*
PAUL BROCKETT.*
E. E. EWELL.
J. C. GALE.*
R. M. PALMER.*
J. J. WHARTON.*
L. E. GILES.*
C. R. WEER.*

E. S. WEER.*
H. J. ATWELL.*
ANNA WILLIAMS.
LINDA M. TWEEDALE.*
ELIZABETH M. DAWES.
J. L. HYDE.
MARGARET G. CALLAHAN.*
BLANCHE L. PATTISON.
H. L. BUELL.
RAY D. LILLIE.
ISAAC ALLISON.*
J. A. BREARLEY.*
THOS. R. GWINN.*

ROBERT STENGER.*
KIRK HOLMES.*
R. J. HOLMES.*
W. M. WOOSTER.*
MARY A. BARNES.
SUSIE W. DENNY.
CLARA E. KEBLE.
W. N. McCONNELL.
JAMES L. PARSONS.
ARTHUR B. RUSS.
JEANNE W. BRUCE.
JOSEPHINE E. GRAHAM.
JENNIE WHITE BRUCE.

* Degrees.

. . . OFFICERS . . .

President	Rudolph E. Mueden
Vice-President	I. Allison
Secretary	Robert Y. Rhea
Historian	Kenneth F. Beale

Class yell :

Ra, ras, ra !
Rons, rez, ront !
Corcoran Scientific School,
Bon, bon, bon !
Co lum-bi-an !

Class History '02.

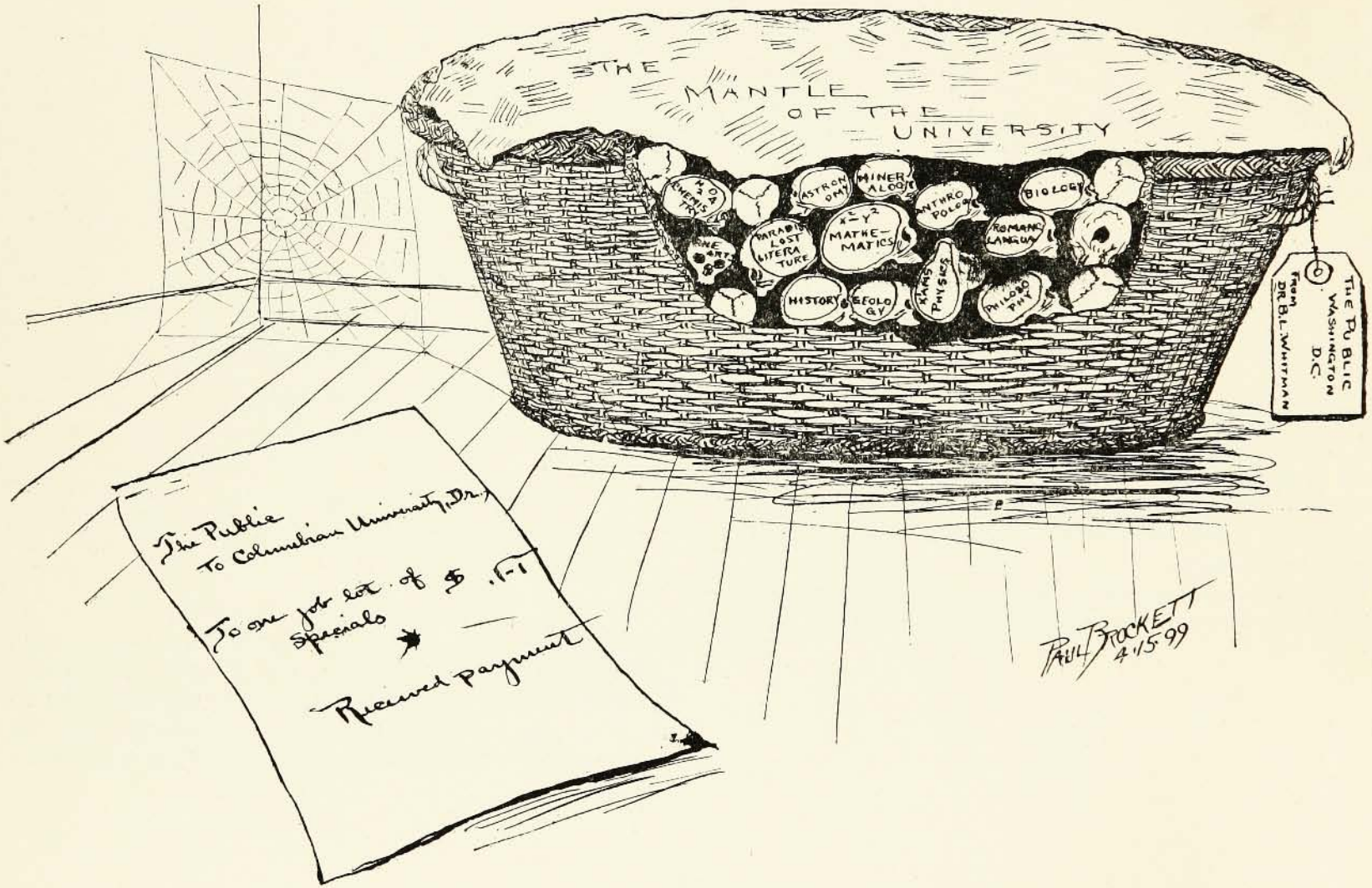
Class Motto: A bove majori discit avare minor.

THIS birth-year of the class of '02 has been characterized by such a surfeit of hard school work that, save the few hours grudgingly taken for sleep and irregular meals, the class has been too pressed for time to enact the incidents chronicled a year ago, and which our Prophet assures us would ordinarily have become history.

We are sorry that such has been the case, feeling as we do a deep concern in the far-reaching effect of this blank in the United States history. However, rather than that we again should be the cause of such national calamity, our Historian promises that next year he will, if necessary, cut his recitations and devote the time to making history, so that the nation and the Columbiad will lack nothing as a result of any failure to do our part.

For the class,

J. A.


THE MANTLE OF THE UNIVERSITY
ASTRONOMY
MINERALOGY
BIOLOGY
ANTHROPOLOGY
ROMANCE LANGUAGES
MATHEMATICS
PARADISE LOST LITERATURE
HISTORY
GEOLOGY
PHILOSOPHY
THE PUBLIC WASHINGTON D.C.
FROM DR B.L. WHITMAN
The Public
To Columbian University Dr.
To one lot of $.15
Specials
Received payment
PAUL BROCKETT
4.15.99

Special Class

COLLEGE.

BISCOE, MATTIE
BOND, REFORD, *K A*
BOTKINS, ALICE SINCLAIR
DUNHAM, CHARLES N.
DART, RUTH D.
FARIS, GEORGE M., *Δ K Ξ*
FINNEY, MAY S.
GAMBRELL, PAULINE PHILLIPS
GRIFFITH, G. BERKELEY



HARRISON, JEFF. LA FAYETTE
HENDERSON, F. N.
LARCOMBE, Rev. JAMES A.
MAIN, CHARLES W.
MONROE, GUSTAVUS LANE, Jr., *Θ Δ X*
MUIR, EDNA A.
RICHARDS, MARY BERGMAN
RIDER, ELLEN THOMPSON
SHERMAN, E. LILLIAN, *Π B Φ*

SPEAR, EDWIN E., *Θ Δ X*
SWARTWOUT, HARRIET MABEL
SYKES, GEORGE
TAYLER, LILA
WEAVER, GEORGE A., *Σ X*
WIREN, AURORA
WIREN, FRANCES
WRIGHT, MATILDA DOUGLAS
YANCY, KATHERINE L.





Special Class

CLASS MOTTO: "Little talkers, great doers."

YELL: Specials, Specials, we are fine!

Columbian Specials, 'Ninety-nine!

CLASS FLOWER: Arisæma Dracontium (Green Dragon).

COLORS: Medium Green.

OFFICERS.

President	REFORD BOND.
Vice-President	RUTH D. DART.
Secretary	MATILDA D. WRIGHT.
Treasurer	MARY B. RICHARDS.
Historian	KATHERINE L. YANCEY.
Poet	HARRIET M. SWARTWOUT.

Special Class History.

A SPECIAL class? Specials with a class organization? Yes, surely. The Specials of this year were ambitious, to say the least, and possessed courage enough to overcome everything, from the patronizing sympathy of the Seniors to the open contempt of the "naughty twos."

When these Specials met in the Post-Graduate Hall at noon November 9, 1898, for organization, there was some little commotion among the rest of the students. The Seniors smiled complacently, and one said, with a knowing nod, "Experiments have to be made." A Junior broke in with, "Yes; and not all experiments are successful." The Sophomores and Freshmen, for the first time that year, became on amicable terms. A Freshman girl ran breathlessly into the girls' room where mostly Sophomores were seated, and, forgetting the black-board erasers, chalk, etc., which these same Sophomores had thrown over the transom at them during efforts at class organization, exclaimed, "Some fun, girls!" "Rare fun!" Strange to say, the Sophomores lost, for the moment, the consciousness of their own dignity. A half dozen of them started toward the Freshman, asking, "What is it?" "What is it?" Exultantly the Freshman replied, "The Specials are in the 'P. G.' Hall trying to organize a class. Ridiculous, isn't it!" "Yes! Yes!" came from the whole body. "Let's go down and break it up," the Freshman suggested. Then it dawned on the Sophomores that they were holding court with a Freshman, and immediately they began to change their tactics. "Oh, I don't believe they will do anything any way," said one of the leaders of the class. "I don't believe it will ever amount to a thing. It is absurd, the whole proceeding. I think it is beneath our notice. Then it will be lots more fun to see it die a natural death than for us to interfere with such a baby undertaking."

While this was going on, the Specials, ignorant of the sensation they were causing, were called to order by Miss Wright, and the purpose of the meeting stated as follows: "That as in previous years the Special students of the College were taken little notice of in the regular class organizations, or, as was often the case, were allowed to remain without a class home, the students of '98 and '99 would form a union of their own to look after the rights of its members." A shout of applause greeted her, and in a short while officers were elected and all put on a working basis. Of course, with a presidential "bond" all

were held by mutual interests and sympathies, while everything went "(W)right" as far as the secretary was concerned.

The committee on class colors, after much deliberation, selected a green that would readily combine with the blue and orange of the College colors. The Seniors shook their red ribbons and smiled; the Juniors flaunted lemon yellow at the Specials in rather a tantalizing way; the Sophomores said they thought magenta expressed more, while the "naughty twos" twirled their violet ribbons and said, "My, you are green!"

The Specials took it rather good-naturedly, and the Secretary, with a bit of quiet humor, remarked that it would not be long until it would be decided that green combined well with anything. This prophecy was fulfilled when the first class reception was held, for it was seen that even "noble Seniors" could be induced to be present on such occasions.

Thus things went on until the time came for the Senior Lunch, when, "Mirabile dictu," the Specials were invited to have a table as well as Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen. A Junior, standing at the "Special" table eating ice cream, dared inquire of a Senior near by, "Say, what do you think of experiments?" "Oh, it's all right," said the Senior, "but you can't always tell how things will turn out." After the Lunch a "naughty two" threw up a bunch of violets and shouted, "Hurrah for the Specials!" and a Sophomore added, "Amen."

Special Class, Scientific School

Ailes, Eugene Elliott
Allen, Fanny May
Atwell, Howard J.
Baker, Stephen H.
Barnes, Mary A.
Barnhart, Joseph H.
Bauskett, Helen V.
Beach, Bessie Baldwin
Bell, David W.
Bicksler, Lexie J.
Bliss, Frank Corey
Brockett, Paul
Brown, Nellie Beauchamp
Bruce, Jeanne White
Bryan, Romulus Webber
Buell, Herbert L.
Bumstead, Albert H.
Caffery, John Murphy
Callaghan, Margaret G.
Cameron, Harriet L.
Carney, Thomas Joseph
Church, Clarence
Clapp, Ella B.
Clements, M. F.
Clemons, Albert Adsit
Crawley, Clarence J.
Daggett, George F.
Davies, John
Dawes, Elizabeth M.
De Lawder, Mary Adaline
Denny, Susie W.
Dewees, Emma L.
Dieudonné, Charles C.
Dill, Henry Gilbert
Diver, Hetty N.
Duke, Emma
Duncan, Harry Lee
Dunham, Charles Nelson
Eldridge, Mrs. Emily L.
Evans, Maurice Preston
Ewell, Ervin Edgar
Feldkamp, Paul Charles
Fisher, Hugh Wilson
Fletcher, Frank D.
Flournoy, B. C.
Flournoy, Parke P., Jr.
Foley, John
Foley, Thomas M.
Ford, Ella May
Frost, Ellis F., M. D.
Fuller, Mrs. Mary
Gibson, Irene
Godfrey, Morella W.
Graham, Josephine E.
Greene, Jane R.
Happer, Mrs. Emily F.
Hardester, David A.
Harrison, J. L.
Hayt, Rosina Electa
Heald, Emma Pauline
Hedrick, Mary E.
Herbert, Mabel Clare
Hindmarsh, Walter B.
Hopkins, Matthew Smith
Hyde, John Lawrence
Karch, Albert F.
Keble, Clara E.
Kelly, Eugene Joseph
Kelly, Gilbert Walker

King, Carl Clifton
Kramer, Stephen E.
Lamont, Roscoe
Leitzell, Stuart Milton
Lemly, Fred. H.
Lerch, Alice
Lovell, H. E.
Manning, William S.
McBrier, Mrs. H. L.
McConnell, Wiley N.
Meigs, Bertha
Merillat, Margaret
Metcalf, Gertrude Elizabeth
Mewshaw, James
Moulton, E. Phillips
Mowrer, Hattie A.
Nesbit, Donald
Nussbaum, Sophie F. E.
Oberly, Beatrice C.
Ogden, E. Lucy
Ogden, George R.
Oliver, Mary Lackland
Orth, Henry, Jr.
Osterman, Gilbert J.
Ottenberg, Jennie
Parsons, James L., Jr.
Patrick, George Edward
Pattison, Blanche L.
Pierce, Julian
Pistorio, Irene Mabel
Post, William Leander
Post, William S.
Price, Harry N.
Raber, Katherine M.
Richards, George Lawrence
Riddleberger, Hugh C.
Riddleberger, Olive M.
Russ, Arthur B.
Schley, Milton Boyd
Schwartz, Andrew J.
Siewers, Ralph de Schweinitz
Sigourney, Daniel Paul
Smoot, Lloyd D.
Snell, Cora Ethel
Spliedt, Charles Edward
Stearns, Alice W.
Stetson, Frank O.
Steward, Willard G.
Stickney, Rosamond K.
Stout, John K.
Symons, William L.
Tauberschmidt, John A.
Thompson, Charles Newton
Thomson, Mary
Tilton, Emme Evangeline
Town, Frederic E.
Townsend, Arthur C.
Triepel, Mrs. Emma M. V.
Turner, Emma Harper
Uhler, John Lloyd
Ulke, Julius, Jr.
Underwood, Norman
Waring, Mrs. Lucretia Cole
Webster, Edward Harlan
Wightman, Mary Dickson
Wissinger, Purcell H.
Witherspoon, Thomas Alfred


ARSPEAR
FANTASTERNITIES

Sigma Chi

EPSILON CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

Colors: *Blue and Gold.* Journal: *Sigma Chi Quarterly.*

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

THE COLLEGE.

HARRY C. COBURN, '00.
GEORGE A. WEAVER, '01.

CORCORAN SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.

RICHMOND B. REDINGTON, '02.
DONALD NESBITT, '02.

LAW.

F. CHARLES HUME, JR., '99.
LOUIS W. WEAVER, '01.
ARTHUR J. MCELHONE, '01.
WILLIAM A. SPURRIER, '01.

MEDICAL.

S. A. BLACKBURN, '99.
J. LEWIS RIGGLES, '00.
T. BOYD DIXON, '00.
WILLIAM K. WARD, '99.
HARRY F. PIERCE, '00.
J. MORTIMER LYNCH, '02.

ALUMNI AFFILIATES.

W. LOWRY FARNHAM.
F. NORTON EVERETT.
J. HOLDSWORTH GORDON.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

GEORGE N. ACKER, M. D.
JOSIAH PIERCE, JR.
EDMUND LEE TOMPKINS, M. D.
C. LEROY PARKER.
REED PAIGE CLARK.



Drake.

. . SIGMA CHI . .

FOUNDED AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY, 1855.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha Miami University
Gamma Ohio Wesleyan University
Epsilon Columbian University
Zeta Washington and Lee University
Eta University of Mississippi
Theta Pennsylvania College
Kappa Bucknell University
Lambda Indiana University
Mu Denison University
Xi De Pauw University
Omicron Dickinson College
Rho Butler University
Tau Roanoke College
Chi Hanover College
Psi University of Virginia
Omega Northwestern University
Alpha Alpha Hobart College
Gamma Gamma Randolph-Macon College
Delta Delta Purdue University
Zeta Zeta Centre College
Zeta Psi University of Cincinnati
Theta Theta University of Michigan
Eta Eta Dartmouth College
Kappa Kappa University of Illinois
Lambda Lambda Kentucky State College
Mu Mu West Virginia University
Nu Nu Columbia University
Xi Xi University of State of Missouri
Omicron Omicron University of Chicago
Sigma Sigma Hampden-Sidney College
Phi Phi University of Pennsylvania
Alpha Beta University of California
Alpha Gamma Ohio State University
Alpha Epsilon University of Nebraska
Alpha Zeta Beloit College
Alpha Theta Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Alpha Iota Illinois Wesleyan University
Alpha Lambda University of Wisconsin
Alpha Nu University of Texas
Alpha Xi University of Kansas
Alpha Omicron Tulane University
Alpha Pi Albion College
Alpha Rho Lehigh University
Alpha Sigma University of Minnesota
Alpha Tau University of North Carolina
Alpha Upsilon University of Southern California
Alpha Phi Cornell University
Alpha Chi Pennsylvania State College
Alpha Psi Vanderbilt University
Alpha Omega Leland Stanford, Jr., University

Pi Beta Phi

COLUMBIA ALPHA CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED APRIL 27, 1889.

Colors : *Wine and Silver Blue.* Journal : *The Arrow.*

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

'99.

Etheldreda Lord Norris.

'00.

Mary Lucretia Hobgood.
Elsie Elizabeth Parkinson.
Rosalie Agnes Robinette.
Ella Lillian Sherman.

'01.

Cecilia Franzoni.
Evelyn Estelle Knight.
Helen Lee.
Sara Phebe Lynch.



Drecka. Phila.

Pi Beta Phi

Founded at Monmouth, Illinois, 1867.

Chapter Roll.

Vermont Alpha.....Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont
Vermont Beta.....Vermont University, Burlington, Vermont
Columbia Alpha Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
Pennsylvania Alpha...Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania
Pennsylvania Beta.....Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania
Ohio Alpha.....Ohio University, Athens, Ohio
Ohio Beta Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio
New York Alpha. Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York
Massachusetts Alpha..... .Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts
Maryland Alpha...Woman's College of Baltimore, Baltimore, Maryland
Illinois Beta... Lombard University, Galesburg, Illinois
Illinois Delta..... Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois
Illinois Epsilon.....Northwestern University, Chicago, Illinois
Illinois Zeta..... University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois

Indiana Alpha... Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana
Indiana Beta.....University of Indiana, Bloomington, Indiana
Indiana Gamma..... University of Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Indiana
Michigan Alpha.....Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan
Michigan Beta..... University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan
Iowa Alpha Iowa Wesleyan University, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa
Iowa Beta. Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa
Iowa Zeta.....University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa
Wisconsin Alpha.....University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin
Louisiana Alpha.....Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana
Kansas Alpha.... University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas
Nebraska Beta University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska
Colorado Alpha.....University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado
Colorado Beta.....Denver University, University Park, Colorado

Phi Kappa Psi

District of Columbia Alpha Chapter.

Active Members.

In College.

JOHN ECKER.

JOHN SHERMAN, JR.

PRESTON B. RAY.

Law School.

DIXON H. BYNUM.

CHAS. G. HARRIS.

CHAS. C. MILBURNE.

CHARLES MCCLURE, JR.

Medical.

CARL A. CLEMONS.

WM. A. GALLINGER.

WM. E. GUER.

In Faculty.

HOWARD L. HODGKINS.

LEE DAVIS LODGE.



Dreka. Phila.

Phi Kappa Psi.

Founded at Washington and Jefferson College, 1852.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Pennsylvania Alpha..Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.
Pennsylvania Beta.....Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.
Pennsylvania Gamma.....Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.
Pennsylvania Epsilon.....Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pa.
Pennsylvania Zeta.....Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.
Pennsylvania Eta.....Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.
Pennsylvania Theta.....Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.
Pennsylvania Iota.....University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pennsylvania Kappa.....Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
New York Alpha.....Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
New York Beta.....Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
New York Gamma.....Columbia University, New York City.
New York Epsilon.....Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.
New York Zeta.....Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Massachusetts Alpha.....Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.
New Hampshire Alpha.....Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
Virginia Alpha.....University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Virginia Beta.....Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Virginia Gamma.....Hampden-Sidney College, Va.
West Virginia Alpha..University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.
Maryland Alpha.....Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
District of Columbia Alpha...Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
Mississippi Alpha.....University of Mississippi, Oxford, Miss.
Ohio Alpha.....Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.
Ohio Beta.....Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.
Ohio Delta.....University of Ohio, Columbus, Ohio.
Indiana Alpha.....De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.
Indiana Beta.....University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ill.
Indiana Gamma.....Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Michigan Alpha.....University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Illinois Alpha.....Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.
Illinois Beta.....University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
Wisconsin Alpha.....University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Wisconsin Gamma.....Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.
Minnesota Beta.....University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
Iowa Alpha.....University of Iowa, Iowa City, Ia.
Kansas Alpha.....University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.
Nebraska Alpha.....University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
California Beta.....Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Frenso, Cal.

Theta Delta Chi

Chi Deuteron Charge.

INSTITUTED 1896.

Active Members.

1899:

J. Henry Altschu.
William S. Manning.
Stanton C. Peelle.
Clark J. Twinn (Law).

1900:

George G. Chase.
Gilbert W. Kelly.
William D. Sterritt.
Harry T. Domer.
Melville W. Lindsey.
Harry J. McKenney.
W. Weir Gilliss.
Gustavus L. Monroe.
Arthur P. Spear.

1901:

Horace F. Ashford.
Charles N. Dunham.

1902:

Rolland B. Moore.
Douglas B. Sterrett.
Artley B. Parson.
Frank H. Hiatt.

In Facultate.

Dr. J. McBride Sterrett.

In Universitate.

Martin C. Huggett (Law).
Carl G. Cunningham (Med.).
E. E. Spear (Law).
J. W. Knowlton (Med.).



Drecka Phila

Theta Delta Chi.

Founded in 1848.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Zeta.....Brown University, 1853
Eta.....Bowdoin College, 1854
Kappa.....Tufts College, 1856
Xi.....Hobart College, 1857
Phi.....Lafayette College, 1866
Psi.....Hamilton College, 1867
Omicron Deuteron.....Dartmouth College, 1869
Beta.....Cornell University, 1870
Lambda.....Boston University, 1876
Pi Deuteron.....College of the City of New York, 1881
Rho Deuteron.....Columbia College, 1883
Nu Deuteron.....Lehigh University, 1884
Mu Deuteron.....Amherst College, 1885
Epsilon Deuteron.....Yale University, 1887
Gamma Deuteron.....University of Michigan, 1889
Iota Deuteron.....Williams College, 1891
Iota (1856).....Harvard University, 1892
Tau Deuteron.....University of Minnesota, 1892
Chi.....University of Rochester, 1892
Sigma Deuteron.....University of Wisconsin, 1895
Chi Deuteron.....Columbian University, 1896

Theta Nu Epsilon

Delta Delta Chapter.

ESTABLISHED 1898.

In Universitate.

L. Starr Brown, Jr.

Dickson H. Bynum.

John B. Ecker.

William W. Grier.

Charles McClure, Jr.

Charles C. Milburn.

John Sherman, Jr.

Frank C. Esterly.

In Urbe.

William Fry White.

Robert W. Wells.

William Simmons Broughton.

George M. Faris.

W C a 58 y F c h w s 7 b .
% e a || G A E e & e : : ! ; t .
7 h w 4 J : : V I B 7 ☞ F .
A E J Z t P W h V a % *
W $ 8 ¶ t N ☞ .



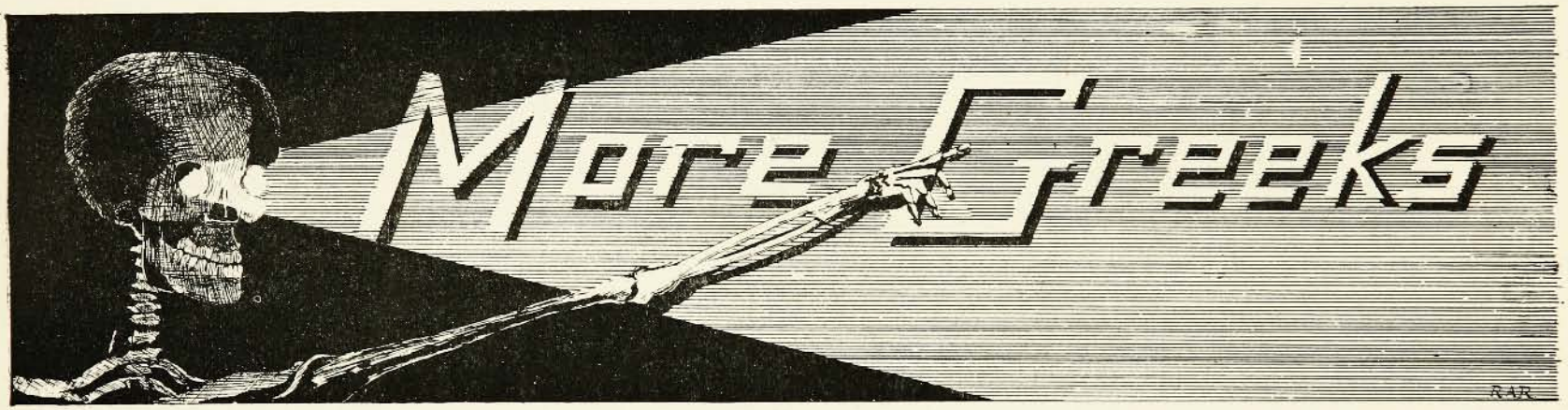
Drake, Phila.

Thèta Nu Epsilon Fraternity.

Founded 1870.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha.....Wesleyan University.
Beta.....Syracuse University.
Gamma.....Union College.
Delta.....Cornell University.
Epsilon.....Rochester University.
Zeta.....University of California.
Eta.....Madison University.
Theta.....Kenyon College.
Iota.....Adelbert College.
Kappa.....Hamilton College.
Lambda.....Rensselaer Polytechnic School.
Mu.....Stevens Institute.
Nu.....Lafayette College.
Xi.....Amherst College.
Omicron.....Washington and Lee University.
Pi.....Pennsylvania State College.
Rho.....University of Pennsylvania.
Sigma.....University of the City of New York.
Tau.....Wooster University.
Upsilon.....University of Michigan.
Phi.....Rutgers College.
Chi.....Dartmouth College.
Psi.....Ohio State University.
Omega.....Swarthmore College.
Delta Epsilon.....University of Kansas.
Delta Kappa.....Bowdoin College.
Beta Epsilon.....University of North Carolina.
Alpha Mu.....Lehigh University.
Alpha Iota.....University of Missouri.
Beta Rho.....Hampden-Sidney College.
Beta Eta.....University of Mississippi.
Delta Delta.....Columbian University.



In Facultate.

BENAIAH L. WHITMAN, *Δ Υ.*

ADONIRAM HUNTINGTON, *Ψ Υ.*

HOWARD L. HODGKINS, *Φ Κ Ψ.*

LEE DAVIS LODGE, *Φ Κ Ψ.*

EDWARD BAYLY POLLARD, *Β Θ Π.*

JAMES MACARIDE STERRETT, *Θ Δ Χ—Φ Β Κ.*

WILLIAM ALLEN WILBUR, *Δ Κ Ε.*

CHARLES W. DOWNING, *Φ Γ Δ.*

THOMAS J. D. FULLER, *Χ Ψ.*

CLEVELAND ABBE, *Α Δ Φ, Φ Β Κ.*

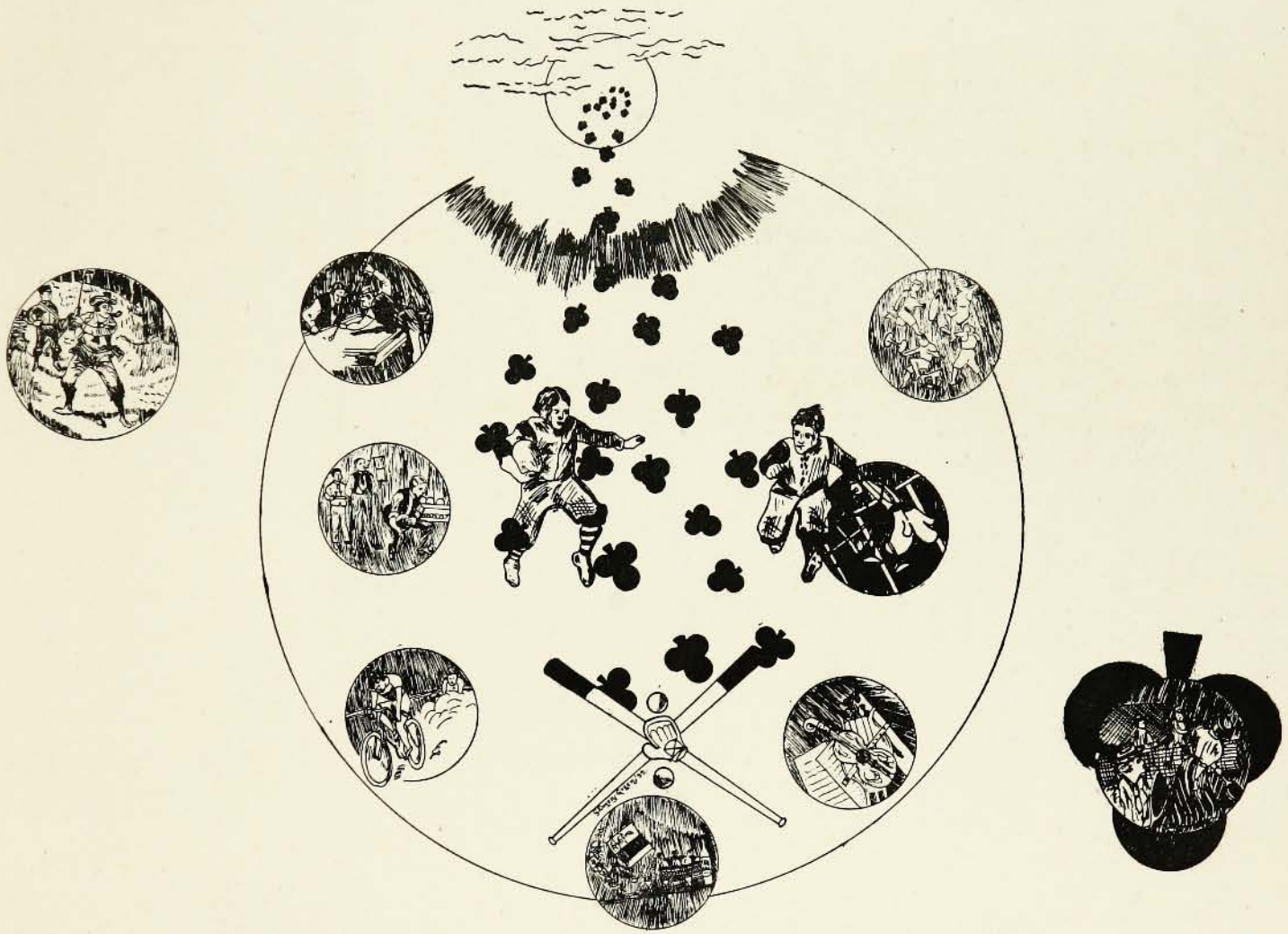
GUSTAV AYRES, *Α Τ Ω.*

In Collegio.

LORENZO STARR BROWN, JR., *Π Κ Α.*

GEORGE MORTIMER FARIS, *Δ Κ Ε.*

CHARLES BALDWIN BACON, *Ζ Ψ.*



Enosinian.

OFFICERS (Last Term, '98-'99).

President	J. Henry Altschu.
Vice-President	G. Magruder Berry.
Secretary	Alice M. McKelden.
Treasurer	Charles W. Main.

EDITORS.

Bee	Weston B. Flint. Nella M. Smith.
News	Bertha W. Clark. George Sykes.
Librarian	John W. Matson.
Sergeant-at-Arms	H. Tennyson Domer.
Critic	J. William Beatty.

MEMBERS.

Altschu, J. Henry.
Beatty, J. William.
Berry, G. Magruder.
Buxton, Bronson C.
Clark, Bertha W.
Cutter, E. Kendall.
Domer, H. Tennyson.
Faris, George M.
Flint, Weston B.
Fuller, Charles F.
Green, G. Emery.
Harlan, Rolvix.
Haws, Samuel N.
Hobson, Alphonso A.
Keller, Charles B.
Larcombe, James A.
Leach, B. McC.
Lindsey, Melville W.
Lynch, Sara P.
Main, Charles W.
Matson, John W.
Maynard, Colton.
McKelden, Alice M.
McWhorter, R. L.
Moore, Rolland B.
Ray, Preston B.
Raybold, G. Irving.
Smith, Flora W.
Smith, Nella M.
Sykes, George
Yancey, Katherine Lulalia.


E.A. WRIGHT PHILA.

History of Enosinian.

THE seventy-seventh year of our existence as a Society has been one of unceasing activity, of eventful happenings, and of steadily increasing prosperity and influence. During the past college session the organization has come perilously near the brink of dissolution, has passed through many vicissitudes, and has at length established itself more firmly than ever upon the life of Columbian College. To trace the history of the year, setting things in their proper relation one to another, is the aim of the present scribe.

At the opening of college our prospects were far from hopeful. Few of the old members appeared for work, some having left town and others being too much pressed for time to renew old associations. No new members came forward for a considerable time. Worst of all, the hour of meeting was placed so late, owing to the schedule of studies, that a general disgust took hold upon the minds of the faithful, and finally came a dark hour when the most sanguine supporters of the Shield lost heart and began preparations for dividing the assets and disbanding without day. Fortunately, they delayed the execution of this plan for a week or two, and the Society was saved. Hearing of our moribund condition, one of the Faculty, by a generous act of self-sacrifice, made it possible for the meetings to be convened an hour earlier, and forthwith new hope arose in the breasts of the disconsolate. Boldly they went forth among the Gentiles, and the number of their proselytes increased even as the heads of the fabled Hydra. From that day to this the increase in membership has been unfaltering, until at the present writing an even thirty answer to their names at roll-call or are fined for absence, and thirty hearts beat in unison to the motto on our shield.

Such an organization must have rulers worthy of itself, and the successive generations of officers have performed their respective duties in a manner quite above criticism. The presidents have dispensed justice, preserved order, and, with a single exception, faithfully interpreted the constitution; the vice-presidents have drawn their salaries and wielded their patronage without a suggestion of unfairness or corruption; the secretaries have compiled volumes of minutes which would put to shame the editors of the *Congressional Record*, and the treasurers have handled large amounts of the public moneys with such stainless and unswerving integrity as to command universal admiration and respect.

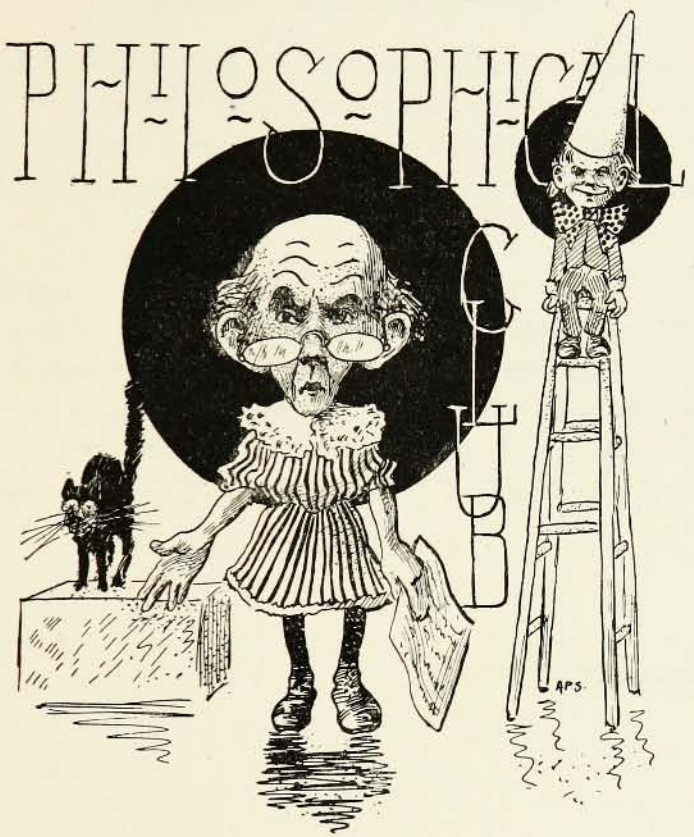
Passing to the less conspicuous but equally necessary officers, we find the same high standard of service. Not a critic has swerved from his duty in lashing the vices and follies of the age; not an editor has been partial or prejudiced in speaking out boldly for the truth; not a sergeant-at-arms has failed in the guard of the archives and the preservation of order; and last, but not least, the librarians have been so sedulous in discharging their onerous duties that not a single volume has been taken from the shelves without their knowledge.

We are unwilling to praise ourselves unduly ; but if the size of our audiences is any index, our meetings for the past year have been both instructive and amusing. Several sessions were held in the class-rooms on the second floor, which are better lighted and ventilated than our historic hall ; but the crowds which gathered to listen to papers and debates proved too large for the seating capacity of the smaller apartments, and a return was soon made to our old familiar haunts. Here every Friday afternoon the intellectual element of the College assembles to hear the wit and eloquence of the country's future statesmen and men of letters. The debates of the year have all been good, and some have been of unusual interest and ability. Our speakers of ancient renown have won new laurels, especially in the contest over the question of capital punishment, while orators hitherto unknown have come to the front and gained no little credit. Especially noteworthy is the maiden speech of Mr. Green, '99, who, although a member of recent initiation, astonished every one in the building by his brilliance and fire. Another speaker of great promise is Miss Clark, whose skillfully constructed arguments in behalf of the future greatness of the Chinese empire won well-deserved applause.

We notice with satisfaction the marked improvement in the character of the papers. During the session of 1897–'98 these literary efforts had become entirely devoted to personalities of a very low grade, so that a student could not appear at College in a new necktie or with a budding growth of whiskers without a complete account of the same being published in the next number of the *Bee* or *News*, very likely in the form of an atrocious parody on some well-known poem in easy meter ; but this year the editors began work with a different conception of their duties, and the papers, while amusing, have not failed to instruct, and in the course of time the *Enosinian Press* has become a mighty engine, in which the gravest issues of the day, from army beef to compulsory chapel, are debated long and earnestly. We are happy to record also the passing of the journalistic rivalry which was so productive of dueling and other disorderly practices, and the simile of the two cats tied over a clothes-line has now no application.

At Christmas-time Enosis entertained its friends at the customary exercises, followed by a highly enjoyable banquet. The program of literary and musical numbers was well attended and received, while the banquet, which was honored with the presence of President Whitman and nearly all the faculty and illuminated by clever and witty toasts, was an occasion long to be remembered.

Another College year is about to be numbered among those that have gone before, and many of our strongest members, upon whom we are accustomed to rely alike in prosperity and adversity, will go out from our midst ; but the lessons they have taught of devotion to the symbols and the motto on our shield remain with us, that we may follow where they have shown the way, and pass on the same lessons to our successors. We owe a double duty—to those who go before and to those who come after. May we fail in no respect to live up to the high standard set for us ; may we by our example inspire all those around us, and in later life may the sight of the Shield fill us with happy memories of our College days.



THE Society for Philosophic Dissertation, Disquisition, Discussion, and Disputation was founded in 1899 by four members of the Senior Class, each of whom was to take charge of one of the four above-mentioned branches of philosophic discussion. The object of the Society is to furnish each member with a field suitable for the display of his talents and the exercise of his powers of cogitation. The field of inquiry is strictly limited to the realms of the incognoscible.

List of Members.

STANTON C. PEELLE.	FRANCES C. NEWLANDS.
E. KENDALL CUTTER.	J. HENRY ALTSCHEE.

It is the part of Mr. Altschu to cogitate, Mr. Peelle to contemplate, Mr. Cutter to meditate, and Miss Newlands to reflect (unpleasantly or otherwise) upon the incognoscible.

It is fitting here to pay tribute to these four founders and pillars of the Society by a brief summary of their achievements and writings in the realms of philosophic thought.

Stanton C. Peelle.—Mr. Peelle is chiefly known as a learned commentator on Kant. Not only in clear and forcible prose has he approved and improved that truly great man, but also in

poetry has he paid him fitting tribute. Who has not read those truly exquisite lines (familiar, indeed, to every school child) beginning—

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Kant."

Frances C. Newlands.—Those who wish to be pointed to one book on which Miss Newlands' reputation may rest secure, I would refer to that erudite work "The Impossibility of Knowing Anything, or the Futility of Thought." Miss Newlands has the proud distinction of deserving a place among those illustrious few renowned and sung for practicing what they inculcate.

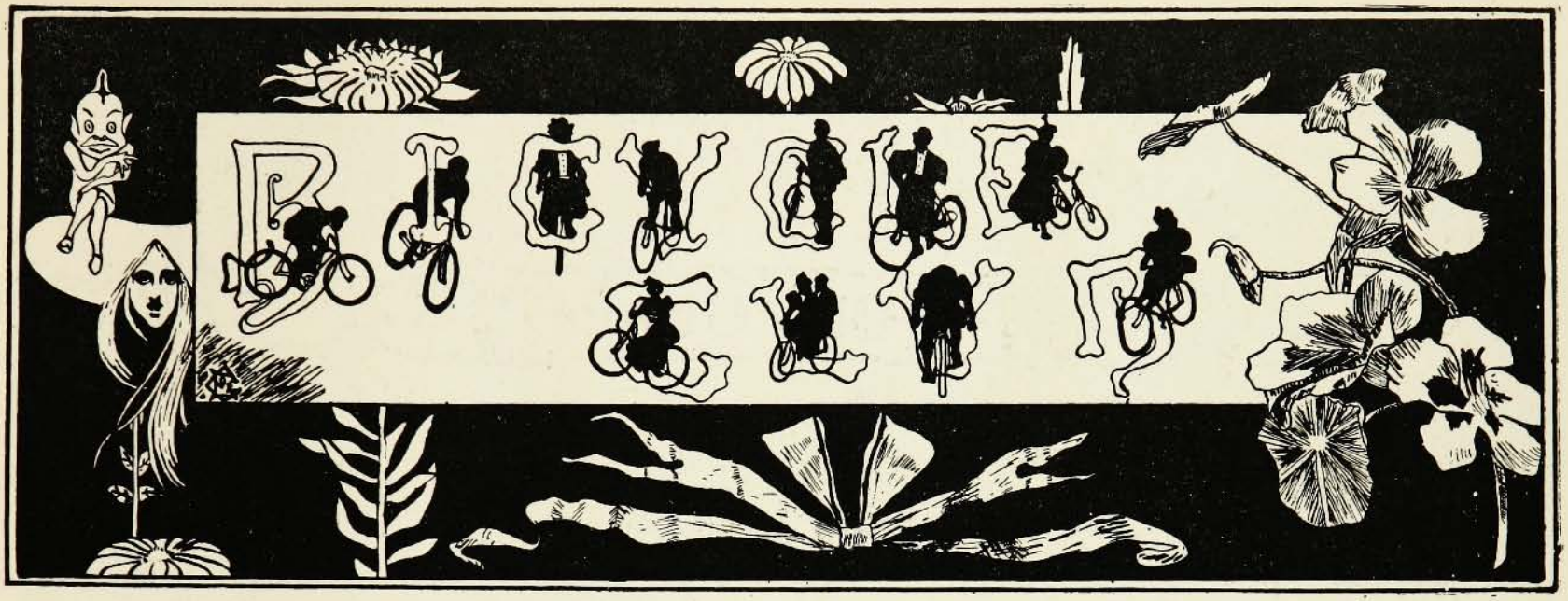
E. Kendall Cutter.—Mr. Cutter has long been known among his friends as a rare genius; but owing to his extreme aversion to expressing his opinion (due to his native modesty and diffidence) he has not yet received from the public the notoriety that is his due. Of him, as of Milton, it may well be said:

"His soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

He has published one modest little book, entitled "What *I* Know." The little volume is exquisitely gotten up, with large print, broad margins, heavy parchment, and has the additional advantage of its compact size, being easily carried around in the vest pocket.

This galaxy of stars is not complete without mention of *J. Henry Altschu.* His noble brow and benevolent disposition stamp him a man of broad humanity. The greatest debt that mankind owes to him is due to those researches into the depths of his own nature culminating in the discovery (for so it may veritably be called) of "The Impossibility of Self-activity."





DURING the month of March the question of organizing a bicycle club had arisen in the minds of many of the College students who were fond of wheeling. Such a club would do much to promote social intercourse among the students, besides giving an opportunity for outdoor exercise and recreation so necessary for those whose time is mainly devoted to study.

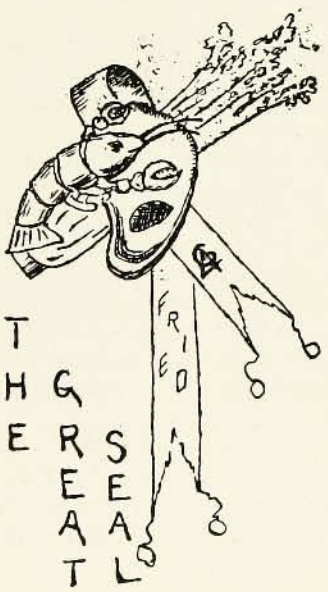
Soon a notice appeared on the bulletin-board summoning all those who were interested in forming a bicycle club to meet on the 20th of March, in Professor Lodge's room, at 2.15 o'clock. Hither, at the appointed time, assembled all those students who were able to ride and who were fortunate enough to possess wheels. Mr. Buxton was appointed temporary chairman, and later, by a unanimous vote, elected captain of the Club. Mr. Manning and Miss Evans were elected first and second lieutenants respectively, and Miss Swartwout color-bearer and pace-setter, with the assistance of Mr. Mason. At the same meeting, the members of the Club decided to have their pictures taken in a group for *The Columbiad*, and a committee was appointed to make all necessary arrangements. A road committee was also selected to investigate the roads previous to announcing the rides.

On Wednesday, the 29th, the Club picture was taken on the steps of the Law School, on H street. Conspicuous among the members is Mr. Mason, with his new upright, with which he will endeavor to fulfill his office as pace-setter.

After a week of fair weather, the road committee ventured to post a notice for a ride to Sligo on Saturday, the 8th of April. But alas, the weather gods were unpropitious. It poured all day Friday, and Saturday was so threatening that those who had had experience in being caught in the rain on bicycle rides deemed it advisable to remain at home. This was the first attempt of the Club, but it will not be the last. Its members are not easily discouraged ; they are used to weather perversities, and as spring advances and the days grow warmer and fairer they hope to spend many delightful hours spinning over the country roads with their fellow-students of the College.

Following is a list of members : Misses Draper, Evans, Randolph, McKelden, Shallenberger, Swartwout, and Upton ; Messrs. Beard, Buxton, Cutter, Fuller, Green, Haws, Henderson, Main, Manning, Mason, Parsons, Raybold, Sperry, Storm, Slaybaugh, and Whitney.

Ye Old Guard



Archibald Webster Brown,
Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

Eldridge Roger Boyle,
Holder of the Sacred Goat.

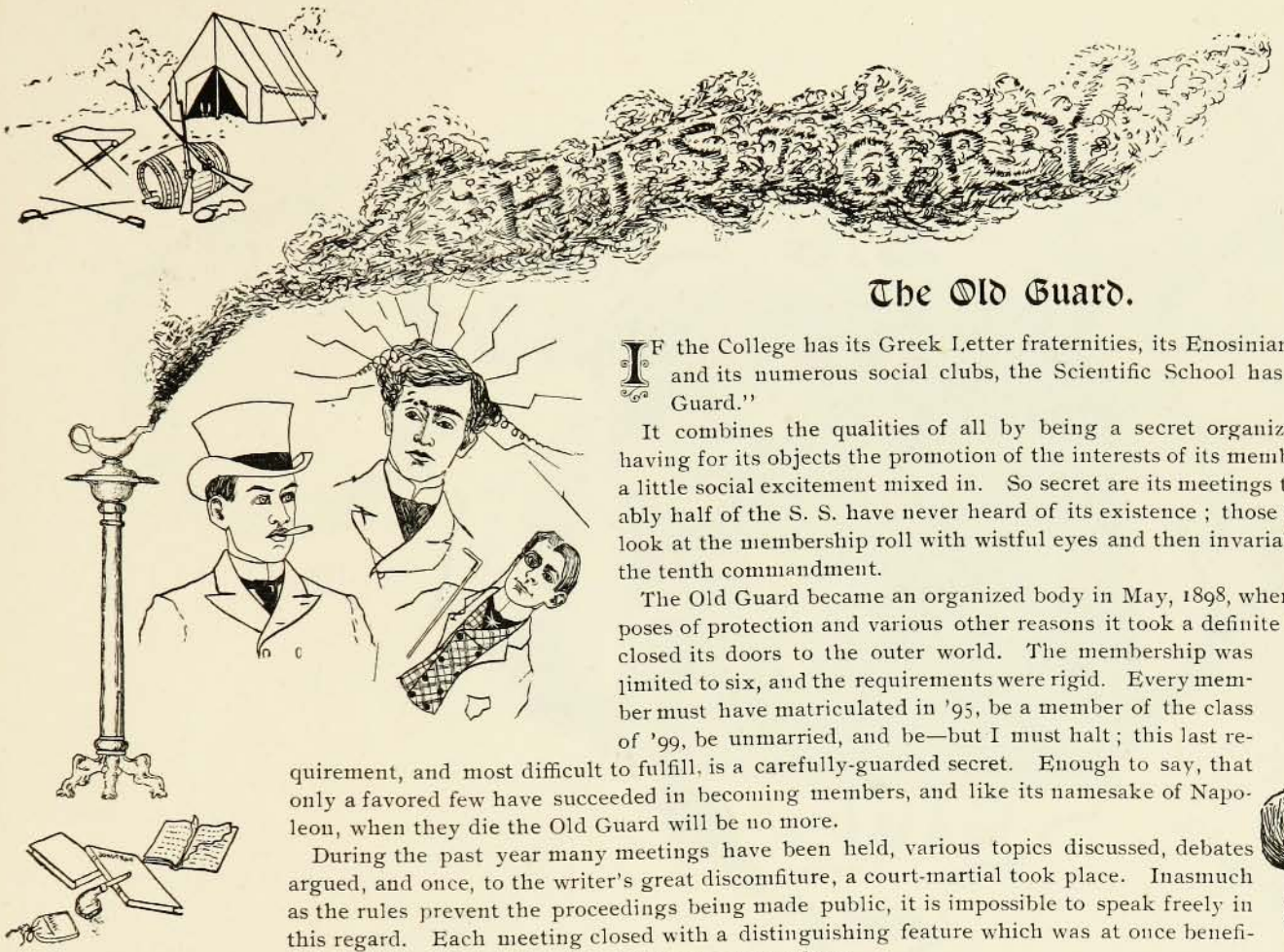
Francis Repetti Weller,
Lord Destructor of Fried Oysters.

George Carroll Todd,
Lord Director of Public Morals.

Guy Bennett Marean,
Protector of the Empty Treasury.

Charles Emerson Hood,
Custodian of the Sacred Archives.





The Old Guard.

IF the College has its Greek Letter fraternities, its Enosinian Society, and its numerous social clubs, the Scientific School has its "Old Guard."

It combines the qualities of all by being a secret organization and having for its objects the promotion of the interests of its members, with a little social excitement mixed in. So secret are its meetings that probably half of the S. S. have never heard of its existence; those that have look at the membership roll with wistful eyes and then invariably break the tenth commandment.

The Old Guard became an organized body in May, 1898, when for purposes of protection and various other reasons it took a definite form and closed its doors to the outer world. The membership was limited to six, and the requirements were rigid. Every member must have matriculated in '95, be a member of the class of '99, be unmarried, and be—but I must halt; this last requirement, and most difficult to fulfill, is a carefully-guarded secret. Enough to say, that only a favored few have succeeded in becoming members, and like its namesake of Napoleon, when they die the Old Guard will be no more.



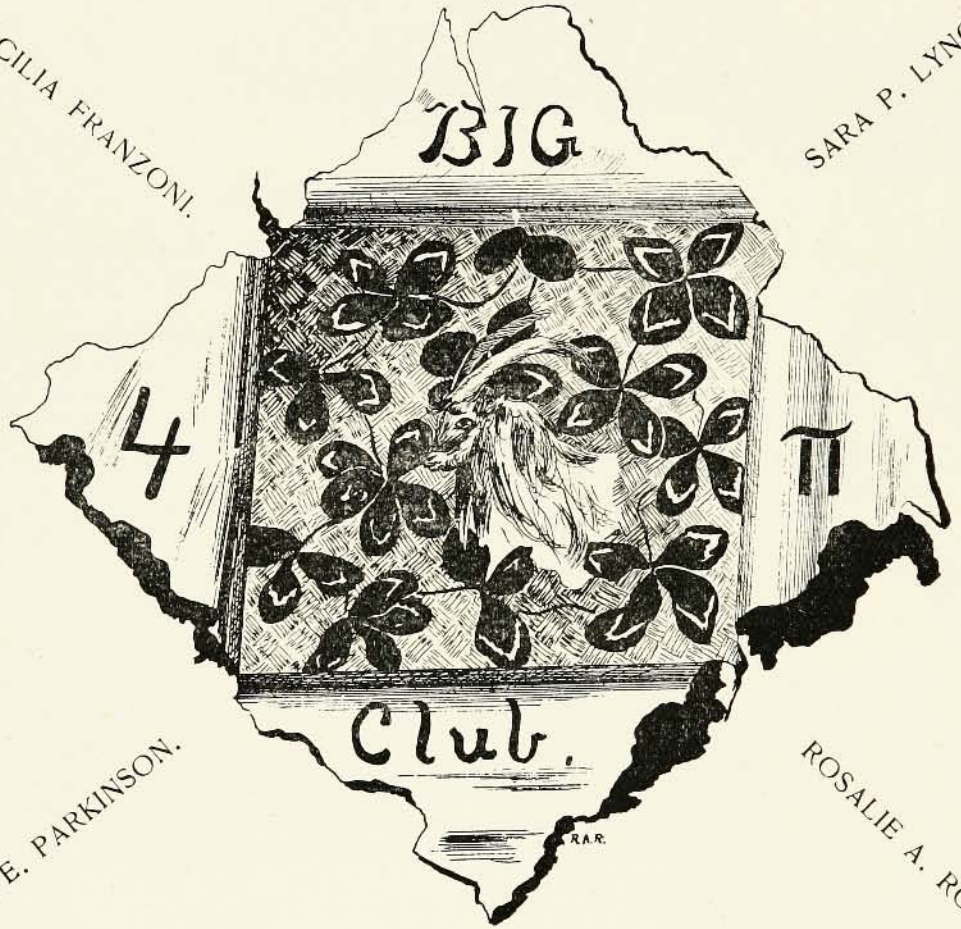
During the past year many meetings have been held, various topics discussed, debates argued, and once, to the writer's great discomfiture, a court-martial took place. Inasmuch as the rules prevent the proceedings being made public, it is impossible to speak freely in this regard. Each meeting closed with a distinguishing feature which was at once beneficial and enjoyable, viz., an oyster supper at Golden's.

Much more could be written and many incidents told: How "Sporty" Weller tried to get credit one night for two fried oysters that he had left uneaten on a previous "blow-out;" how "Politician" Todd won his celebrated debate against Expansion, and how he inconsistently ate more oysters than any one else that same night; how "Country" Boyle left his check-book home and tried to borrow 10 cents from every member of the Guard—and failed; how "Architect" Brown evolved plans by which the Old Guard paid for three dollars' worth of oysters and got away with six; how "Live-wire" Marean discovered a wonderful magnetic attraction between the Old Guard and Golden's, and at present is writing a book on the subject; and how "Wall-street" Hood and Weller caught the runaway; but that, as Rudyard Kipling would say, is another story.

C. E. H.

CECILIA FRANZONI.

SARA P. LYNCH.



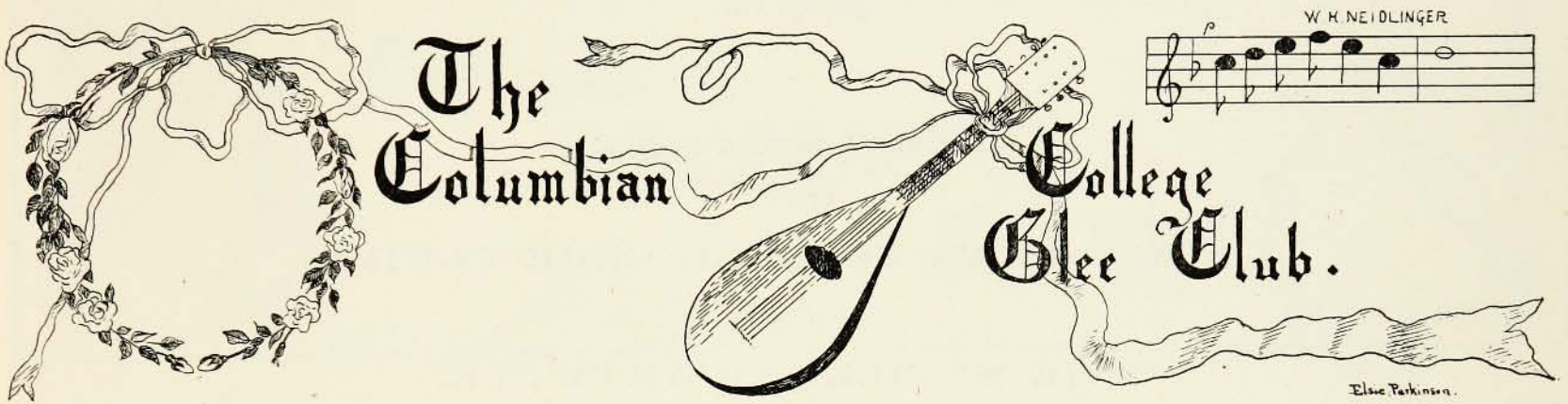
Flower:
Four-leaf Clover.

Yell:
! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

ELSIE E. PARKINSON.

ROSALIE A. ROBINETTE.

Color: Green.



President.
ETHELDREDA LORD NORRIS, '99.

Secretary-Treasurer.
ELSIE ELIZABETH PARKINSON, '00.

Musical Director.
MISS AMY CLEMENT LEAVITT.

Member of Executive Committee.
EVELYN ESTELLE KNIGHT, '01.

The Glee Club.

First Soprano.

LOLA MAY EVANS, '02.
MARY LUCRETIA HOBGOOD, *Sp.*
GERTRUDE NOBLE KNIGHT.
HARRIET MAY SWARTWOUT, *Sp.*

Second Soprano.

ETHELDREDA LORD NORRIS, '99.
ROSALIE AGNES ROBINETTE, '00.
M. ELSIE TURNER, '02.

First Contralto.

BLANCHE LOUISE BIRCH, '01,
EVELYN ESTELLE KNIGHT, '01.
LUCINA FRANCES MCGROARTY, '02.

Second Contralto.

ELEANOR WILSON HANCE, '01.
ELSIE ELIZABETH PARKINSON, '00.

Program.

THE FIRST MUSICAL EVENING

OF THE

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE GLEE CLUB,

ASSISTED BY

THE SEVILLE QUARTETTE.

GIVEN AT THE UNIVERSITY HALL,
APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH, 1899.

1 Selection from the Geisha *Sidney Jones*
The Seville Quartette

2 Rustic Dance *Resch*
Arranged by Macy

3 Nut Brown Maiden ——

4 Thou Wondrous Youth *Franz Abt*
Miss Gertrude Knight
Violin Obligato by Miss Knight

5 How Can I Leave Thee? *Cramer*
Arranged by Morse

6 Selection ——
The Seville Quartette

7 Peanuts *Adapted*

INTERMISSION

8 Kentucky Babe *Geibel*

9 I Would That My Love *Mendelssohn*
Miss Hobgood and Miss Parkinson

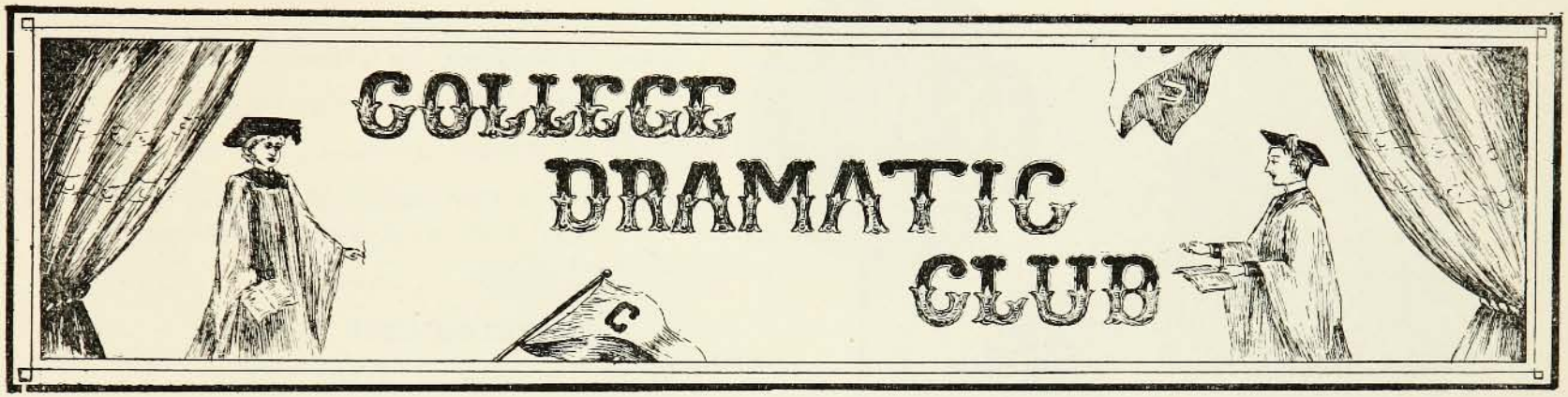
10 Stars of the Summer Night ——

11 At a Georgia Camp Meeting *Mills*
The Seville Quartette

12 Peggy *Neidlinger*

13 Oft in the Stilly Night *Stevenson*
Arranged by A. C. Leavitt
Obligato by Miss Parkinson

14 Good Night Song ——



Director.

ELEANOR W. HANCE.

Assistant Director.

CECILIA FRANZONI.

Secretary and Treasurer.

JOSEPHINE SHALLENBERGER.

Members.

BLANCHE L. BIRCH.

LOLA EVANS.

FLORENCE E. FRISBY.

LUCINA MCGROARTY.

EVELYN KNIGHT.

ELSIE MCKELDEN.

SARA P. LYNCH.

ELSIE PARKINSON.

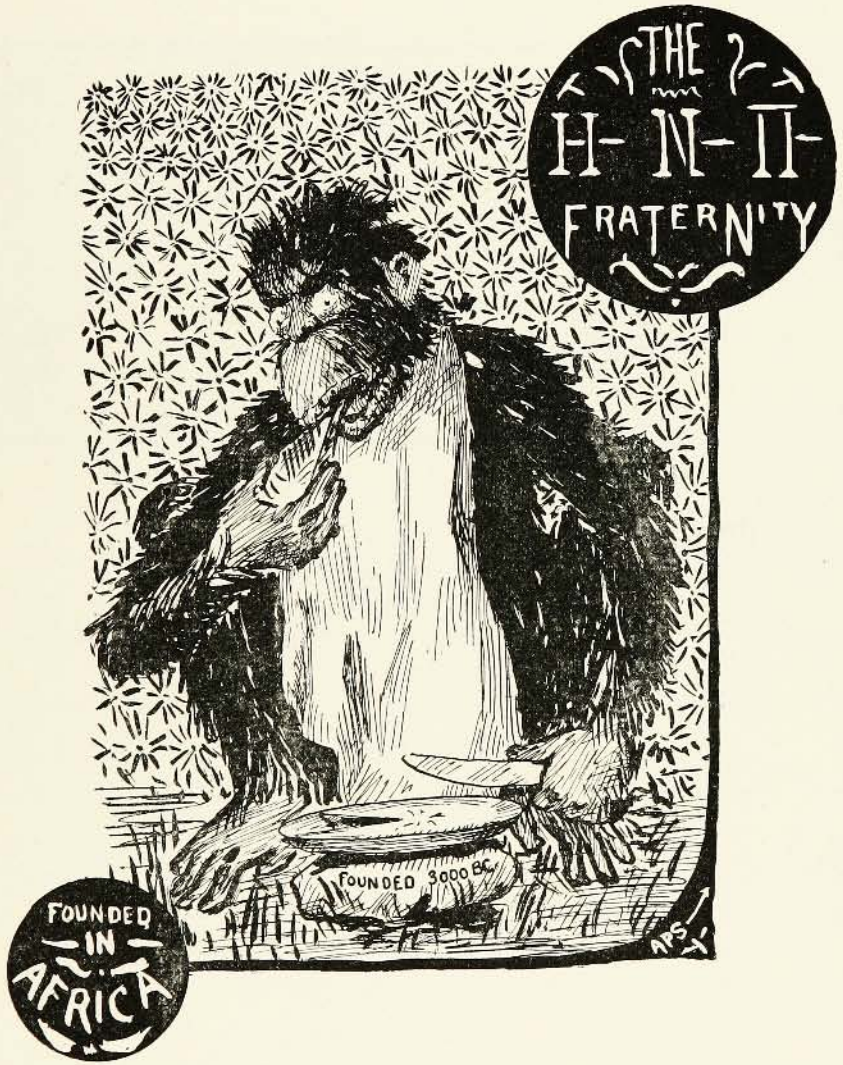
FRANCES RANDOLPH.

FLORA WARREN SMITH.

NELLA SMITH.

ELSIE TURNER.

EDNA THÖNSSEN.



Colors: *Red, Green, and Yellow.*

Open Motto: "*ἡμελημένως νυκτερεύωμεν πλήθων.*"

FOUNDED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KARNAK, ON THE NILE, 3000 B. C., BY RAMESES THE GREAT.

PROMINENT ALUMNI.

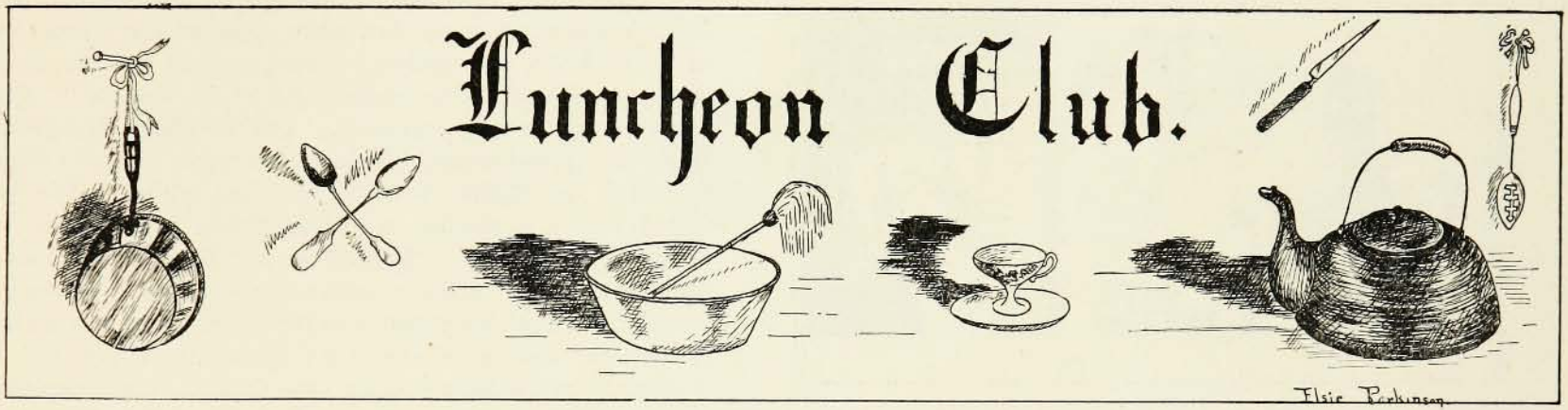
NEBUCHADNEZZAR,	JULIUS CÆSAR,
SOLOMON,	NERO,
ULYSSES,	SHAKESPEARE,
HOMER,	NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,
SOCRATES,	CYRANO DE BERGERAC,

DEAN HUNTINGTON.

The Pi Chapter Founded at Columbian University April 1, 1866.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

A. P. SPEAR.	H. J. MCKENNEY.
G. W. KELLY.	G. G. CHASE.
J. H. ALTSCHU.	MELVILLE LINDSEY.
CHARLES DUNHAM.	ARTLEY PARSON.



Colors - - - *Olive, Cream, and Chocolate.* Motto - - - - - *Nunquam da navem*

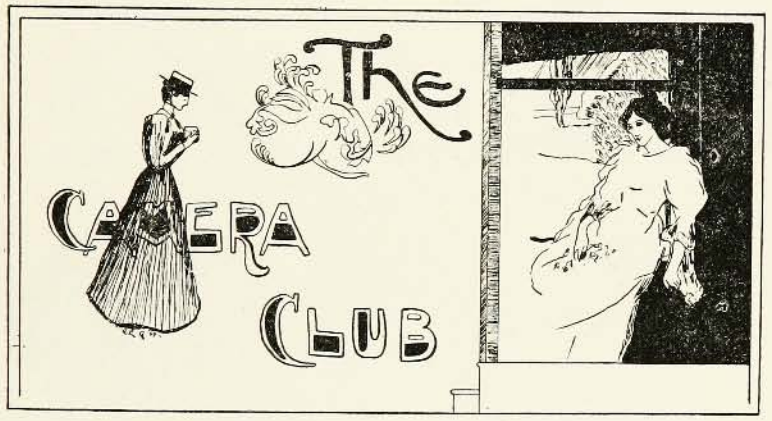
MEMBERS

ETHELDREDA LORD NORRIS Ye ruler with a rod of iron.

E. LILLIAN SHERMAN Ye of ye winsome ways
ELSIE ELIZABETH PARKINSON Ye mouse
ROSALIE AGNES ROBINETTE Ye lyric poet
HELEN LEE Ye of ye empty chair
SARA PHEBE LYNCH Ye pillar of ye Club
CECILIA FRANZONI Ye "nice-a, ripe-a banan'"
EVELYN ESTELLE KNIGHT Ye belle of ye Club
LOLA MAY EVANS Ye of ye bogus brother

ETTA LOUISE HOSKINS, MAY ELIZABETH FORD } Ye model Freshmenne (meeke and lowlie)
JOSEPHINE POWER SHALLENBERGER . Ye in ye "brother" plot
LUCINA FRANCES MCGROARTY . . . Ye constructor of salad
M. ELSIE TURNER Ye of ye bib
MATTIE BISCOE, HARRIET MABEL SWARTWOUT } . . . Ye Sutherland sisters
MARY LUCRETIA HOBGOOD . . Ye maker of cocoanut caramels

Honorary Member . . PROFESSOR WILBUR (retired on half-rations).

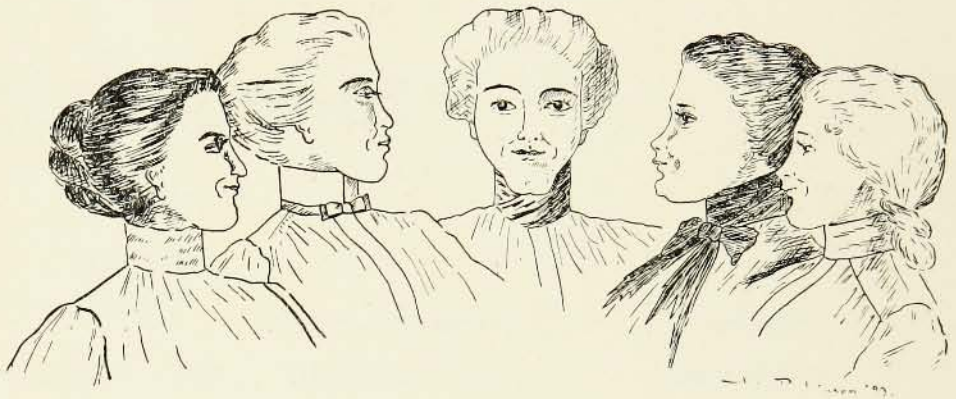


ONE afternoon, not so very many years ago, assembled on the College steps, consulting, after one of those delightful "Waterloos" with Dr. Lodge, or, as he calls them, written recitations, where he says, quoting, "The Lord be with you, gentlemen, for you're beyond the help of man," were some half dozen of the above, with faces drawn, bemoaning our mistakes. We suddenly perceived one of our present "subjects" coming up the street. Every eye was turned, because to let her pass without our criticism *we* deemed ungentlemanly. But, alas! it was unnecessary, for, when opposite, she turned, and, before we knew our captive, we were warned too late, as she disappeared around the corner, that "she had us." From that moment we were organized. And for what? Vengeance. It quickly spread among our classmates, who, similarly duped, flocked to our banner of the "Rose and White." We were united, and as to whether we accomplished our "votum" we refer you to our "First Shots" room. Many others became the object of our search for similar offenses, till now we are prohibited the use of our weapons on the street. And now we take pity on our undergraduates. We realize their fate, and, reminding them that the use of the camera is very easily explained after it is understood, we offer to them the choice of a limited number for sale cheap, at cost price. All are warranted to have been in use four years, and, though patched in some places, as results of when we forgot our "votum" and tried our hand on an occasional professor, we still guarantee them to last the college life of our *poor, dear Freshmen*.

None genuine unless bearing our trade-mark—

"Caveat emptor."

THE CHUCKLING CLUB.



NAMES OF MEMBERS.

(1) Leader of Chuckling—BLANCHE BIRCH.

(2) Faintly Squealing One—RUTH DART.

(3) Ye of Jokersville—EDNA THÖNSSEN.

(4) Teller of Funny Tales—FLORENCE FRISBY.

(5) She of ye Broad Grin—ELEANOR HANCE.

Yell: Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
He ! He ! He !
Ho ! Ho ! Ho !
Tugboat.

Colors: Chestnut brown and Niggah blue.

Flower: Seaweed.

Motto: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

Current Literature Club.

Officers.

President . . COLTON MAYNARD.
Vice-President . . LOLA M. EVANS.
Secretary . . S. N. HAWS.
Treasurer . . M. M. LINDSEY.
Librarian ELSIE TURNER.

Members.

BERTHA CLARK.
LOLA M. EVANS.
HUBERT B. FULLER.
SAMUEL N. HAWS.
MELVILLE W. LINDSEY.
JOHN W. MATSON.
COLTON MAYNARD.
FRANCES SANDERS.
FLORA W. SMITH.
NELLA M. SMITH.
DOUGLAS B. STERRETT.
ELSIE M. TURNER.

Young Women's Christian Association.

Officers.

ELSIE ELIZABETH PARKINSON, *President.*

BERTHA WINIFRED CLARK, *Vice-President.*

SARA PHEBE LYNCH, *Corresponding Secretary.*

PEARL EDNA THÖNSSEN, *Recording Secretary.*

M. ELSIE TURNER, *Treasurer.*

Members.

FANNY MAY ALLEN.

BLANCHE LOUISE BIRCH.

BERTHA WINIFRED CLARK.

LOLA MAY EVANS.

CECILIA FRANZONI.

FLORENCE ELIZABETH FRISBY.

SARA PHEBE LYNCH.

LUCINA FRANCES MCGROARTY.

ELSIE MADELEINE MCKELDEN.

ELSIE ELIZABETH PARKINSON.

JOSEPHINE POWER SHALLENBERGER.

ROSAMOND K. STICKNEY.

PEARL EDNA THÖNSSEN.

M. ELSIE TURNER.

Young Men's Christian Association.

OFFICERS.

President	JOHN WARREN MATSON.
Vice-President	ALPHONSO AUGUSTUS HOBSON.
Recording Secretary	GEORGE IRVING RAYBOLD.
Corresponding Secretary	WESTON BROWN FLINT.
Treasurer	ROBERT LIGON MCWHORTER, JR.

MEMBERS.

REV. CHARLES BACON.
J. WILLIAM BEATTY.
GEORGE M. BERRY.
BRONSON C. BUXTON.
WESTON B. FLINT.
CHARLES F. FULLER.
ROLVIX HARLAN.
SAMUEL N. HAWS.
ALPHONSO A. HOBSON.
CHARLES B. KELLER.
REV. JAMES A. LARCOMBE.
CHARLES W. MAIN.
JOHN W. MATSON.
ROBERT L. MCWHORTER, JR.
ARTLEY B. PARSON.
GEORGE I. RAYBOLD.
WILL R. SOMERS.
PAUL SPERRY.
W. G. STUART.
GEORGE SYKES.

The Columbian University Lawn Tennis Association.

Officers.

President G. Irving Raybold, '99.
Vice-President Harry C. Coburn, '00.
Secretary-Treasurer J. C. Spaulding, Law.

Executive Committee.

Bronson C. Buxton, '99.
D. W. Prentiss, Medical.
Frederic P. Warfield, Law.

The First Annual Tournament for the Championship of the University,

Held on the Courts of the Bachelors' Tennis Club, May 30, 1898.

There were seventeen entries. The finals and semi-finals were as follows :

Semi-Finals.	Finals.	Champion.
W. B. Wilson, Law. Warfield, Law.	Warfield.	Warfield.
C. R. Wilson, Law. Coburn, College.	Coburn.	

The Second Annual Tournament for the University Championship will be held May 29, 1899, on the Courts of the Young Men's Christian Association.



The Base-Ball Team.

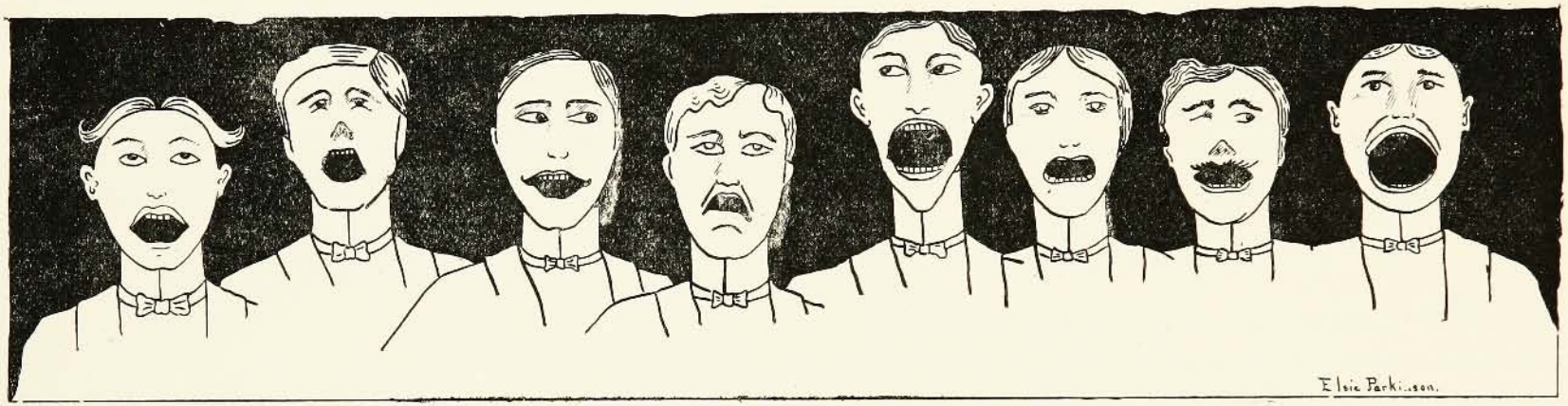
NO ATTEMPT was made to form a 'Varsity team this year—why, we do not know—for a strong team could have been formed from the various departments of the University. The College boys, however, determined to take matters into their own hands, and a meeting of all students interested in the national game was called for the 9th of March. At this meeting it was resolved to organize a ball team, to be composed of College and Scientific School players and the work was placed in the hands of R. Rhea, manager, and C. B. Keller, captain.

Practice was begun at once on Columbian field and a numerous band of ball-tossers turned out to try for positions. Every pleasant afternoon the squad could be seen hard at work, and the players, after they had succeeded in shaking off their winter's stiffness, soon began to round into very satisfactory form. A second meeting was held on March 27, at which time Rhea, owing to his early departure from the city, was forced to resign as manager, and H. T. Domer was elected in his stead. The boys were soon given an opportunity to show what they could do. Their first game of the season was played on March 31, when they defeated the Seniors by a score of 23 to 9. This game served to arouse the interest of the College in the team, and judging from the form then displayed, great things should be expected from them in the future. The team is composed as follows :

HARRY T. DOMER	*Manager.*
C. E. WHITNEY	*Pitcher.*
ROLVIX HARLAN	*Pitcher.*
J. WM. BEATTY	*Pitcher.*
G. F. REDDINGTON	*Pitcher.*
H. F. ASHFORD	*Catcher.*
C. W. MAIN	*Catcher and Shortstop.*

CHARLES B. KELLER	*Captain.*
C. B. KELLER	*First Base.*
H. T. DOMER	*Second Base.*
A. B. PARSON	*Shortstop and Left Field.*
J. B. ECKER	*Third Base.*
R. RHEA	*Left Field.*
F. N. HENDERSON	*Center Field.*
E. WEIR	*Right Field.*

J. W. MATSON	*Sub.*
A. A. HOBSON	*Sub.*
D. Q. LEACH	*Sub.*
C. WEIR	*Sub.*



Male Octette

First Tenors.

M. B. Stewart.

Artley B. Parson.

Second Tenors.

Rolvix Harlan.

Paul Sperry.

First Basses.

J. William Beatty.

E. Abbot Beard.

Second Basses.

Bronson C. Buxton.

Alphonso A. Hobson.

Accompanist: Horace F. Ashford.

Was Cupid Victorious?

WHEN Frank Colston received his appointment from the Wakefield Steel Company upon his graduation from Columbian, his friends and family showed much satisfaction. The position awaiting him was considered most desirable, and an opening of exceptional value. As Colston was especially eager to get a start in life, this opportunity was promptly taken advantage of. During the early spring he had met Marion Lindsay, a charming young girl from New York, to whom he at once lost his heart. Although Cupid's dart had conclusively done its work, Frank saw the impossibility of taking unto himself a wife until he was in a more tangible position to support her. Therefore when a letter from the Wakefield Company was received, ordering him to report for work on the first day of July, he felt much elated, and he thought of the sweet little woman he had met during the spring with a more hopeful feeling than before.

He left home with a stern epistle from his uncle, which proved to be a serious lecture on the importance of such a start in life, and urging him to live up to the high endorsements which had been given to him. Young Colston arrived at Wakefield in composite spirits, and immediately took up his quarters with a Mrs. Schumann, who had been recommended to him, and where he found a cheerful room. Upon arriving at the works the next morning, the superintendent introduced him to a Mr. Roland, who showed him through the company's buildings, and finally left him in the department where samples of steel are tested.

After several uneventful days in this line of work, Frank was suddenly sent for, and assigned to a small building, where an air of mystery seemed to prevail and surround everybody concerned. He soon found that a process of tempering copper, invented by Mr. Ezra Nevil, one of the directors of the company, was undergoing its first official tests. Ezra Nevil was no longer a young man, and for the past few years all the vigor of his life had been concentrated upon this one subject, and now that it seemed to be in a fair way toward perfection, it was his only interest — the one engrossing object of his life. Experiment after experiment was conducted, until, perhaps unfortunately, the process was so simplified that any layman could harden and temper copper as readily as a blacksmith could temper a piece of steel. This immediately gave rise to serious consultations between the

officers of the company, and it was decided to keep the process an absolute secret, as their counsellors had advised them that letters patent could never protect their interests. For some unaccountable reason Frank became familiar with the process without being properly informed of the necessary strict secrecy, and on returning to his room entered the process in detail in his note book. Young Colston's salary was $15 a week, and as Mrs. Schumann demanded $7 for his room and board, his visions of supporting a wife appeared only in the dim future. A brilliant idea suddenly dawned upon him. Why not describe this process for some technical publication and increase his revenue, perhaps, in addition to making himself more valuable to the company by bringing them before the notice of the scientific and manufacturing world? The article was duly written and dispatched to the *Industrial News*, which promptly forwarded Frank a check in its acknowledgment. This so delighted the young man that visions of checks, earned by future articles about other doings at the works, floated before his mind. A few days later the early mail brought Frank letters from home, congratulating him upon his first earnings, and giving his future a brighter outlook. Our young correspondent had received a copy of the paper to which he had contributed, and which had brought out the story without delay, and had scarcely concluded reading its columns when a message reached him from the superintendent. It called for him at once at the office of the company, and as he read its hastily written lines it flashed upon him that the officers of the corporation had seen his article, perhaps, and wished to thank him for kindness and assistance. The same young man who had first introduced him to the works led him through the long passage lined on either side with office doors, and up a flight of stairs to a door half way down a second hall, bearing the words, "Office of the Superintendent." On entering, Frank found himself in a handsomely furnished room, and immediately recognized the gaunt form of the superintendent, standing with his hands behind him, before a massive table littered with business papers, drawings, and documents. In the corner by a window, almost hidden by a large leather-covered armchair, sat a crabbed-looking, little old man. In one hand he grasped in a fierce manner what appeared to be a copy of the *Industrial News* in a much crumpled state, and with a pair of snappy gray eyes he looked fiercely out from under tremendous bushy eyebrows, and over a pair of enormous gold-rimmed spectacles perched upon the end of his nose while with his foot he beat a lively tattoo upon the polished floor. "This is, indeed, an outrage, Mr. Colston," said the superintendent, as with the back of his hand he rapped another copy of the *Industrial News* with Frank's article marked with heavy lines from a blue pencil. For a moment Frank was speechless, and the only sound the superintendent's words brought forth was a vigorous increase in the tapping on the floor. "I am very sorry, sir," Frank at length managed to blurt out, and the enraged occupant of the big chair rapped

the floor so loudly in his fury that Frank could put his mind on nothing else. Frank vaguely remembered the superintendent's saying something about "Mr. Nevil," "worthy director," "ruined process," and "heavy loss" and "dismissal," and it dawned upon him that Mr. Nevil was no other than the little man in the chair, and what his blunder must mean to him. After being handed a paper, which proved to be a formal dismissal, and having made some explanatory remarks, which he only dimly remembered, Frank made his way from the room, past the other offices with their glass doors, and out of the grounds of the Wakefield Steel Works. The night train bore young Colston to New York, after a career of less than a week in Wakefield, much disheartened and provoked. Although Frank knew that the best plan would be to go through to Washington that morning, he could not leave New York without seeing Marion. At 4 o'clock that afternoon he rang at the Lindsay residence, and was shown into the drawing-room and informed that Miss Lindsay was at home. It made Frank very happy to be greeted by Miss Lindsay in a most friendly way, and he almost forgot the events of the preceding day. An hour passed very quickly, for Frank had avoided all unpleasant subjects, and he found himself more in love than ever with his charming little friend. Marion insisted on his dining with her, although she explained that her stepfather was not feeling very well, but she wanted Frank to meet him, and was sure his company would cheer him. Frank naturally wished to make the best impression, and as his little hostess led the way to the library, wondered what "sort of a chap" the old man was. The lights had not yet been turned on in the room, and at first Frank saw no one, but as he became accustomed to the gloom, he saw, sitting by the window, bending over a table littered with papers, a crabbed-looking little old gentleman, with huge eyebrows and massive gold spectacles, smoothing out before him a much crumpled paper, while his foot rapped angrily upon the polished floor. G. M. H.



Ad Hesperum

What dim land with an ancient spell
 Holds you by its seas?
There surely hang the heavy boughs
 Of lost Hesperides.

And coolly falls the twilight time,
 When solemn sunsets fail
Into the dark of ages gone,
 And the great white stars prevail.

Strewn with poppies, do you dream?
 And are you happy there?
Forgetful of all days that were,
 Perplexed no more with care.

Or like a stealthy phantom thing
 Does the old unrest
Walk by you with its hollow call
 To some far hopeless guest?

Or drowsed at burning tide of noon
 With the azure of the sky,
Or standing by the sounding shore
 Where the breakers beat and die,—

Does one face grow upon the air
 With its old faint weary smile,
And one low voice call with the sea
 To bring you peace awhile?

So, through the haze of lighted noon
 And twilights dim and blue,
From this gray lonely place I send
 A far dream cry to you.

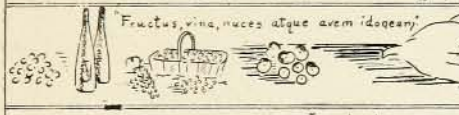
DIES AD GRATIAS AGENDAS.

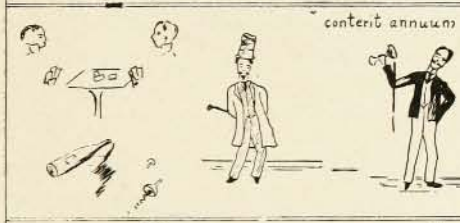
Ab Horatio et Clarcia.









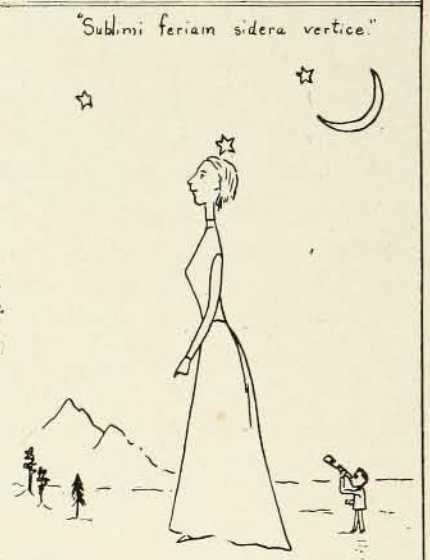




O mos clare, atavis - dite plebibus!
O et convivium et cena bona omnibus!
Sunt quos folliculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse iuvat, cruraque fervidis
Plagis fracta, oculus lividus et tumens
Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos;
Hunc, si sacra facit, datque favoribus
Laudes dis superis aedibus in sacris,
Illum, si dapibus condidit atriis
Quidquid nunc alacri venditur in foro, –
Fructus, vina, nuces, atque avem idoneam
Est qui non veteris pocula Massici
Spernit; cum sociis conterit annuum
Festum, laetitiaque immodica bibit.
Multos finitimis hospitium omnibus
Et coetus comitum et colloquium iuvant.
Tristis sola ego sum. Me gelidum atrium
Romanusque liber, difficilis mihi,
Secernunt populo. Lacrima decidit
Dum nunc experior scribere fabulam
Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseris
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

a d. VIII Kal. Dec. A.D. MDCCCXCVIII.





(Picturae a Clarcia et quadam Parkinsonia)

"A Heroic Rescue."

NOT many moons ago four of our reverend Seniors betook themselves homeward after the evening's session, and arm in arm they turned from Fifteenth street into the Avenue, laughing at each other's jests, talking with mock politeness to each blue-coated policeman they met, and withal taking up the larger part of the sidewalk.

The night was cold and snappy and the snow, which had fallen some two days before, lay as ice under foot. Be it therefore forever to their credit that the quartet safely passed W—cks and G—stn—gs and sauntered on slowly toward the tall dome of the Capitol in the distance.

Suddenly there burst upon them the sound of hurrying hoofs, and up the Avenue came a small two-wheeled mail wagon, swaying from side to side, and the horse going like mad. Immediately there came one thought to all—stop the horse! and as immediately all set out in pursuit. W—ll—r and H—d made the running and soon distanced all competitors, but the animal was far ahead and then seen to turn in by the Post-office building. Three minutes later and our Seniors came up, much blown, but glad to see the animal standing quietly, very quietly, and as if nothing had happened.

"There he is!! There he is!!! Look out! Don't shoo him!! Whoa, boy! Whoa-oa-oa-oa, boy!!!!!! And then by various quieting remarks and much patting the two heroes swung onto each side of the bridle and commenced a triumphal return.

Visions of two-column articles in the *Post* arose. "United States Mail Saved from Destruction!!! Daring Rescue by College Boys!!! Medals of Honor to Each!!!"

Meanwhile they had passed nearly a square and were beginning to attract attention and elicit remarks from bystanders—"Brave fellows," etc., etc.—and it is doubtful whether their hats would have stayed on for another square, when out of the darkness behind came a heavy voice: "Hey, dere! Come back yere!! YOU GOT DE WRONG HOSS!!!"

Let us pass the rest in silence. It is humiliating. It turned out that the real runaway had been caught further on by a vulgar cabman, and that the "rescued" horse had been quietly awaiting his driver for an uptown collection.

The *Post* had nothing to say about the occurrence next morning.

C. E. H.

A Second Exile from a Second Acadia

PART I.

IT was in the spring of the year 1864, the year marked by the brilliant campaign of Sheridan, and by Sherman's famous march to the sea. The beautiful valley of the Shenandoah was beautiful no longer, and "the eastern part of the already sundered Confederacy was cut in twain." The Southern government had received its death-blow and was now drawing its last breath, but it was dying hard, and its mighty pulsations were felt in almost every home.

There were households, however, which had not yet felt the war directly, although it raged all around them. Such a one was the plantation of Poplar Grove, with its broad acres sweeping for miles over the country. It was situated between Bowling Green and Hanover Court House, but further inland and away from any railroad. The negroes were nearly all on the place, contented and happy. They either did not comprehend or were indifferent to the full significance of their liberty; for although a year had now passed since their emancipation, the migratory spirit had not become an epidemic among them. The "missus" was kind and good; they were well fed and clothed, and more than all, they had their little cabins, with all their attachments.

It was very early on one of the mornings in the latter part of May; the sun had not risen and a purple mist hung over the mountains hiding them from view. All was still; but down in the direction of the quarters some dark forms were moving to and fro. Presently the light in the east became brighter and soon stole over the country, lingering to play on the walls and roofs of the neatly white-washed cabins; caressing the festoons of white and purple morning-glories over the porch; creeping around the long-necked gourds peeping forth from their shady retreat among the leaves; bringing out the bit of scarlet in the holly-hocks and petunias, and the orange in the bright marigolds and gaudy sunflowers. Onward the rays stole silently, but brightly; past old "Uncle Jeames," the gray-haired fiddler; Parson Jones and portly Susan, the culinary queen; past pert little Mary, the chambermaid, surrounded by a group of smart young fellows; onward, upward, over the fine orchard, the pride of Uncle Bob; past the house with its sleeping inmates, until the distant mountains were revealed.

By the time the "big house" was astir, the "hands" were in the field, under the supervision of the trusted old negro overseer, and from a distance often came the sounds of lively singing.

The day passed uneventfully, but alas! the night was not to be likewise. Labor done, the house and field servants gathered around the front steps of one of the cabins to hold a prayer-meeting. It commenced very solemnly, but as enthusiasm waxed the bodies of those seated on the ground swayed backward and forward, keeping time to a sing-song chant. The moon looked peacefully down on the strange gathering, her pale light giving a weird cast to the scene, enhanced by the lugubrious wails of the women and the frequent cries of "Bress de Lord, bress de Lord." Presently Parson Jones started a hymn, in which all his congregation joined with vim, always continuing the writhing and twisting of the body.

"I met old mars' Satan down in de lane,
An' I gib'd him a whack wid my crooked cane,"

was sung with relish, and when one, more excited than the rest, jumped up and down waving her arms, the rest followed suit, singing:

"Blow dat trumpet, Gabriel,
Blow hit a leetle, leetle lou-ou-ou-der;
Want dat trumpet to blow me
Into de New Ji-ru-si-li-em;
Oh, oh, oh my soul, bress de Lord, oh, oh."

The people were rapidly getting intoxicated by the exuberance of their spirits; the younger element had begun to dance. Uncle Jeames was now helped to his seat, and ere long the liveliest kind of a dance was footed by young and old to the scraping tones of the old fiddle. The figures were under the direction of the one musician, who called out every now and then, "Head couples, do it again."

It was only the dying down of the fire they had built in the earlier part of the evening that drew the attention of the dancers to the thoughts of bed. Before long they were all in their respective cabins and only a snatch of song now and then floating out on the quiet of the night air betrayed their existence. They were a peaceful, simple, and happy people, in those little cabins, who had just completed their last merry-making on the old plantation. Little they thought or cared for the future, as they footed it so merrily that night; little did they dream what fate held in store for them.

PART II.

About two hours after the retirement of the negroes a detachment of Federal troops might have been seen going up the road to Poplar Grove. In less than half an hour the grounds were filled with soldiers. The mansion, barn, chicken-house, smoke-house, and stables were pillaged and the negroes ordered to prepare to leave. In vain they implored and entreated. When old Susan begged to stay with her mistress, she received a blow and an oath as an answer. Grief and dismay were written all over those sable faces as their owners went in and out the houses trying to get together their treasures in the half hour allotted them.

At last the time was up, and hemmed in on all sides by the soldiers, the little band of exiles turned for a last look at the dearly beloved home. There stood their little cabins, so endeared by association; there they had, many of them, been born and raised; there they had married and had brought up their families; there they had buried their dead. The simple, childish people could not understand the transition from peace and plenty to sorrow, misery, and brutality. It seemed as if they could not bear it. As they disappeared in the coming dawn, each one straining his eyes for one last look, the old gray-haired fiddler dropped by the roadside, overcome by grief. His journey was over; his was not the pain of exile, but death, still near the "ole plantation," with his fiddle clasped lovingly to his bosom. No halt was allowed for this; the long, wearisome march was steadily continued.

After ten miles were completed, the little flock was forced into wagons, which were to carry them to Port Royal; but they, poor creatures, knew not where they were going. Some families were separated—one forced in one wagon, one in another; children lost from their mothers and wives parted from husbands. Oh, that awful, never-to-be-forgotten ride. All along the way were seen the frightful traces of the war. Everything was dyed with the life-blood of Federals and

Confederates, and everywhere the eye met with the most revolting and heart-rending sights.

Among the contrabands the wildest terror reigned. This was intensified as they drew nearer the port, and strange rumors of drafting all the able-bodied men were circulated. At last Port Royal, then under Union control, was reached. The boat which was to take the contrabands to Washington lay at the dock, and without any delay the little company was hurried aboard. They had not been there longer than twenty minutes when one of the children, crying and wringing his hands, rushed up to the Parson, Susan, and Mary. Between his sobs he managed to say: "My daddy and uncle Bob, with a heap of other men, has done been carried off by some big men in blue clothes and yaller things acrost their shoulders, and one of dese hyar men is comin' to git all the other men. He's gwine ter make 'em fight somewhere whar they'll all git blowed ter pieces and never come back any mo'." There was not a moment to lose. Quick as lightning old Susan dragged out her large feather bed, pushed the parson underneath it, and calmly seated herself on one end.

"Now you chillens, you make b'lieve dat Uncle Tom's done been tuck, and when I tell dat man so, you all cry, but doan't you say nothing."

The words were hardly out of her mouth when the officer in charge, followed by two stalwart-looking Irishmen, appeared.

"Aunt Sally, where is your husband?" he said. "Come, now, show him up; no use in hiding. He will have to go into the army with the rest now."

"'Deed, sah, I know der aint no use in hiding, but my ole man's already been tuck," she said, rocking back and forth, wiping her eyes. "How we all's ever gwine ter git along is mo' 'an I know. Oh, my ole man Tom, my ole black man."

"When was he taken?" said the officer.

"Just 'fo' you came, sah. Dey comed and dragged him off just like an ole yaller dog, whether he wanted to go or no."

"Well, look around good, Jim," was the parting command of the officer. "These niggers lie half the time. Hurry up, now, time's nearly up."

"All right, sir," said the Irishman, and commenced a diligent inspection of all possible nooks calculated to conceal a man. Bundles were thrown hither and thither. The first whistle blew.

"Get up there, old woman, and let us look under that bed," said one of the brutal-looking men.

"'Deed, sah, there aint nobody under hyar."

"Well, you get up and let us look, all the same."

"But my ole man's done been tuck, and I wouldn't lie"——

"Oh, here," and he started to lay hold of her, but the last signal sounded.

"Come on Jim," said his companion, "she couldn't hide a man under there. He would smother." So finally contenting himself with a vicious kick at the bed, he hurried off the boat.

Slowly the gang-plank was drawn in, the shore commenced to recede, and the sluggish waters of the Rappahannock to roll between the little group on the shore and those on board. Once more the shrill whistle pierced the air, drowning the cries of farewell of those so rudely forced asunder, and the black smoke blotted out the country so dear to them.

But to old Susan these occurrences were trivial; she had saved her "ole man," and now was clasped in his arms beside his place of refuge, the old feather bed.

A College Musicale.

When I came up the college steps, at nine-fifteen precisely,
A chapelfull of boys and girls were singing very nicely.
And when I heard that music
Then inwardly I wondered:
Where is their great conspiracy?
Has not somebody blundered?

"No sounds within the college walls," so ran the edict horr'ble;
The students vowed that never more in chapel would they warble.
And so I wondered inwardly,
Until at half past nine,
A chapelfull of students
Poured out in eager line.

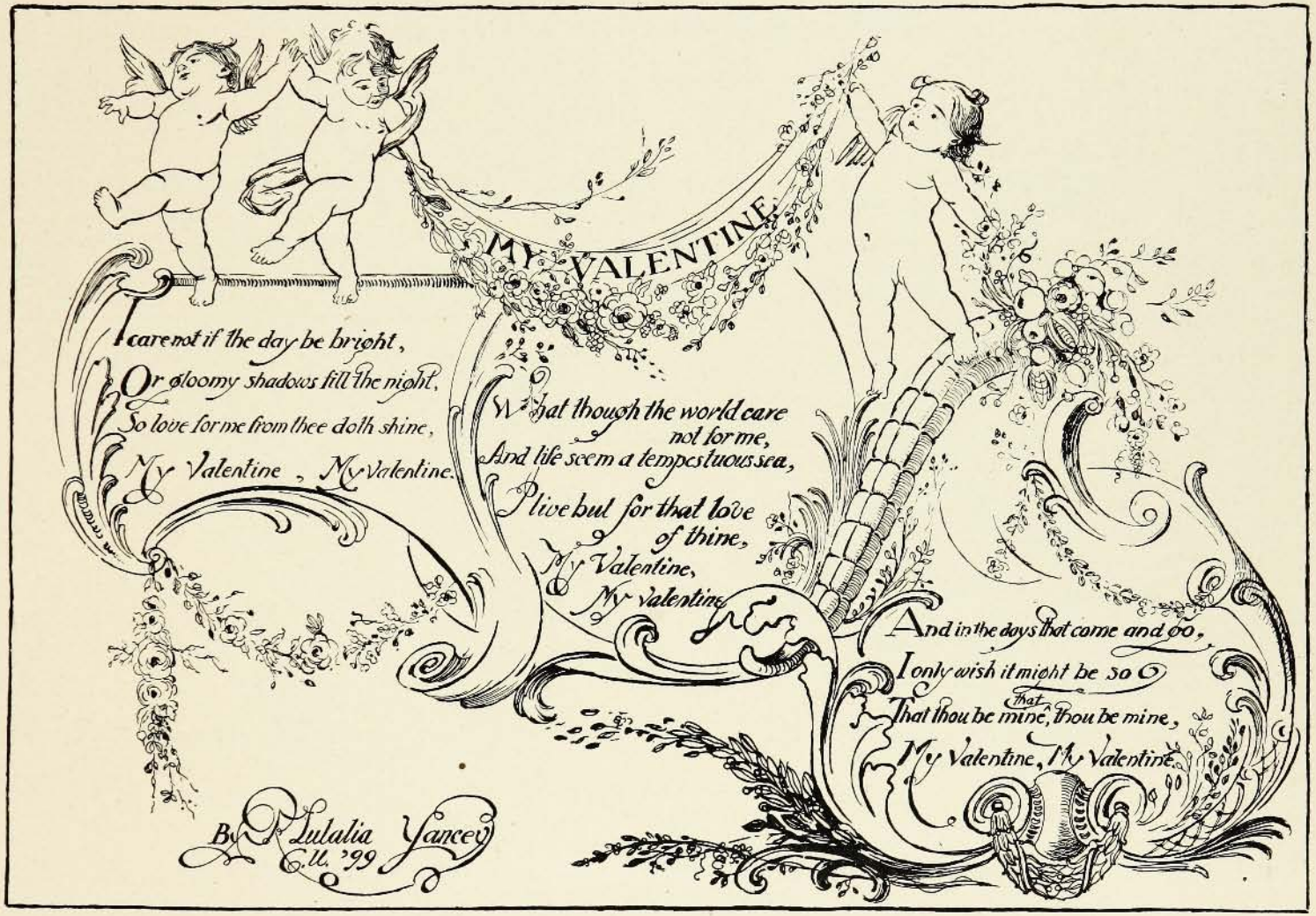
And then from each and ev'ry lip there came the self-same tale,
How each and ev'ry tongue that morn at singing hymns did fail.
How from the gathered students came
No lofty notes, and no low;
Alone in thund'rous majesty
The President sang a solo.

"They do not sing," he sadly said (verse No. 1 was ended);
"Why sing they not?" in thunder tones, surprise and horror blended.
He gazed upon the leader,
Who shrunk a foot—or less—
But still he answered bravely:
"They will not sing, I guess."

"No sounds within the college walls,"—such words as these are horr'ble;
The students all have vowed no more in chapel they will warble.
Then in indignant sorrow
The angry President thundered
Until the trembling students
Felt that they all had blundered.

With tongue of forked lightning
And mien of Arctic ice
He spoke till all were ready
For peace at any price.
So when I climbed the college steps, at nine-fifteen precisely,
The chapelfull of boys and girls were singing very nicely.

F. W. S.


MY VALENTINE.
I care not if the day be bright,
Or gloomy shadows fill the night,
So love for me from thee doth shine,
My Valentine, My Valentine.
What though the world care not for me,
And life seem a tempestuous sea,
I live but for that love of thine,
My Valentine,
My Valentine.
And in the days that come and go,
I only wish it might be so
That thou be mine, thou be mine,
My Valentine, My Valentine.
By R. Lulalia Yancey
Feb. '99

THE NIGHT SCHOOL.

My burden of song, the fight of the strong
 Ambition has poisoned and sends
To gain a degree at Columbian C——,
 Though burning their lives at both ends.

They work through the day in desperate way,
 And bolt all their food and their books,
The which—to speak plain—will certainly gain
 What's rarest in women—bad looks.

The world's upside down, all things turned around:
 With darkness they open, and keep
Their school until ten, and study from then
 Till morning. But when do they sleep?

With schooling at night—a strange thing to light,
 So startling 'tis doubted 'tis true—
Old boys forget airs, old girls likewise theirs,
 And act—as they usually do!

Some teachers are kind, though others inclined—
 Their pay (it is whispered) is worse:
But all to a man do as well as they can,
 While riding the hobbies they nurse.

Now some are quite tall, and *parva*—that's "small"—
 (Disgrace to forget it, once read);
Then others are thin—Napoleon chin,
 And one with a very large head.

Concerning this race (at such a hot pace,
 The seats do not cool, it's so fast),
Will some one expound by logic, not sound,
 How G'ometry's first class is last.

'Tis sad to relate, to meet this mad state
 Professors professing at night
To pack in each brain not entirely insane
 What's easy—translations at sight!

In English they're taught to analyze thought
 By methods "adapted"—that's new;
Bare figures of speech are looked at by each—
 The teacher?—he looks at them too!

The drawing in art—a room set apart,
 A climb that will shorten the breath,
Where freedom's not free, and shocking to see
 How persons are drawn to their death!

The chemistry class, by no means the last,
 Nor least, in opinion of those
Who injure their sight while searching for light,
 And often while holding their nose!

A month is soon run, another begun,
 The weeks are as days in this race,
Which quickens the brain, though eyes may inflame,
 And hardens the lines of the face.

So upward I fling my cap as I sing
 To the workers through daylight and dark,
Who labor and keep their studies till sleep
 Comes only with song of the lark.

W. M. W.

* * O, YOU WHO PASS. * *

O! you who pass in the great highways,
 Treading the road along,
Heart of the rushing multitude,
 Hearken to my song.
Pilgrims of passion, palmers glad,
 With love-flame red as wine,
Tell me if a joy there is
 Like this joy of mine;
For out of yesterday's dark world,
 Out of the unknown flowing sea,
Out of the throng of passers-by
 One has turned aside to me.





Often have I watched you pass
 As fleeting as a breath,
And longed for the love of only one
 Till my heart was sick to death;
But now the old wild pain is gone
 As snow melts in the spring,
And my lips that once were hushed and dumb
 Are passionate to sing;
For out of yesterday's dark world,
 Out of the unknown flowing sea,
Out of the throng of passers-by,
 One has turned aside to me.

TWO DREAMS.

AS I lay under the flowering apple trees of an orchard in the yellow light of the afternoon I fell asleep and dreamed, and in my dream I saw three figures.

One came to me murmuring softly, "Follow me; I am Wealth. He who follows and obeys me shall have all that he desires." But I slept on.

Then another crept close and whispered in my ear, "Get up and come with me; I am Ambition. All the desires of your mind shall be gratified. Your name shall live forever. Think! Do not turn from me. Think—never to be forgotten!" And I started up, but fell back again, for I saw a beautiful youth coming toward me. He came to me and his blue eyes looked into mine. He took my hand and I knew that he was Love.

I went hand in hand with him through the orchard and out into the world, and he said to me, "You have chosen well. You will journey far and will fail in many things. You will strive for gold, for renown, but you will attain nothing. You have Love. You do not go alone, and when you stumble and are about to fall I shall be by your side to say, 'Courage, love.'"

Then I awoke, and the sun was sinking low. The last pale rays were lying athwart the green grass of the orchard that was starred with apple blossoms. I thought I would get up, but I grew drowsy and fell asleep again. And again I dreamed.

In the moonlight I saw a man and woman walking together on the sands of the shore. They were very young and very fair.

The girl clung to the youth as they walked; but he was

restless and looked back across the water, where he saw a woman beckoning him. This woman was tall and willowy, with a fair, laughing face and yellow flowing hair, and she threw out her arms toward him with a mad abandon; and beside this woman was a jar of wine and in her hand a golden wine cup.

The youth stopped, and the girl with whom he walked wandered on, gathering some star-like white flowers that were blooming near the shore. The woman across the water threw down the wine cup and held out her arms toward him. He leaped into a boat and moved rapidly toward her; nor did he turn to look at the girl gathering flowers.

But presently the girl felt his absence and ran along the beach. She saw him leap from the boat and throw himself at the feet of the woman, and she saw her long, white arms encircle him. And she knelt upon the sand and moaned softly; nor did she rise, for her heart was broken.

I awoke again, and it was twilight. It was also twilight in my heart, for I was very sad. I got up and left the orchard in which I had dreamed, and I knew that Love is not always faithful.

Animula Vagula.

Go forth, little soul!
A thin flame climbing through the air
Were not so slight and tremulous,
So ghostly vague a breath as thou,
Of all thy housing bare.

Comrade of this poor clay,
Thou strange and restless body's guest,
Is there naught with thee on thy way?
Dost thou not miss the dear fair flesh
In all thy lonely quest?

Is the journey dark with fear?
Is the path so hard to find?
Nay, but it cannot be more drear
Than this road, steep and dim-descried,
We tread who grope behind!

What way thy spirit went,
When Death healed thee with one strange kiss
And all thy grief was o'er and spent,
Past suns and stars, thou has not found
A darker way than this.

MORS ET ORIENS

Why should one strive against the pallid morn?
I sit with both hands folded, waiting here
Until the gypsy streaks of dawn appear
And the sun out the hill's womb be reborn;
For I must see the shadows grow again,
Must venture out into the actor's strife;
I who am dead must simulate a life
Big with despair and tremulous with pain
Must listen to the dropping of the rain
And shiver as the wind from out the dark
Blow like remorse and take me for its mark—
Remorse that comes too late and is in vain—
For when I saw you dead my soul did pass,
And it is one with yours beneath the grass.

SONNET.

O, love of woman, far too deep to scan—
A mother's, sister's love wove into one.
The joy of Eden had not yet begun
Till Eve had sinned and brought true love to man.
It does not dwell in regions of the soul,
Nor in the touch of hands, though there it starts;
Nor in the pallid kiss when life departs
To seek its reason at an unknown goal.
But take me in your arms and softly croon
The remnants of my childhood's lullaby,
And I will muse and let remembrance try
Evoke the past from out the long-lost tune,
While from the past dim incense will arise
And make you yet more sacred in my eyes.

Sonnet.

We have but skirted through the shoals of Love
And hardly ventured in the deeper sea;
Mild happiness has been ours utterly.
Some angry clouds have crossed our blue above,
But as they flew I sang some happy song
To hide the darkness, and your little hand
Slipped into mine as we went through the land;
And thus we cheered us as we went along.
Some say that Pain is greater than all this,
That Happiness is weak and impotent,
Before the master Pain all knees are bent;
But he who dreams of Hell, where is his bliss?
Better to live deceived as we have tried
Than to have known the truth and, saddened, died.

Es Wundert Mich.

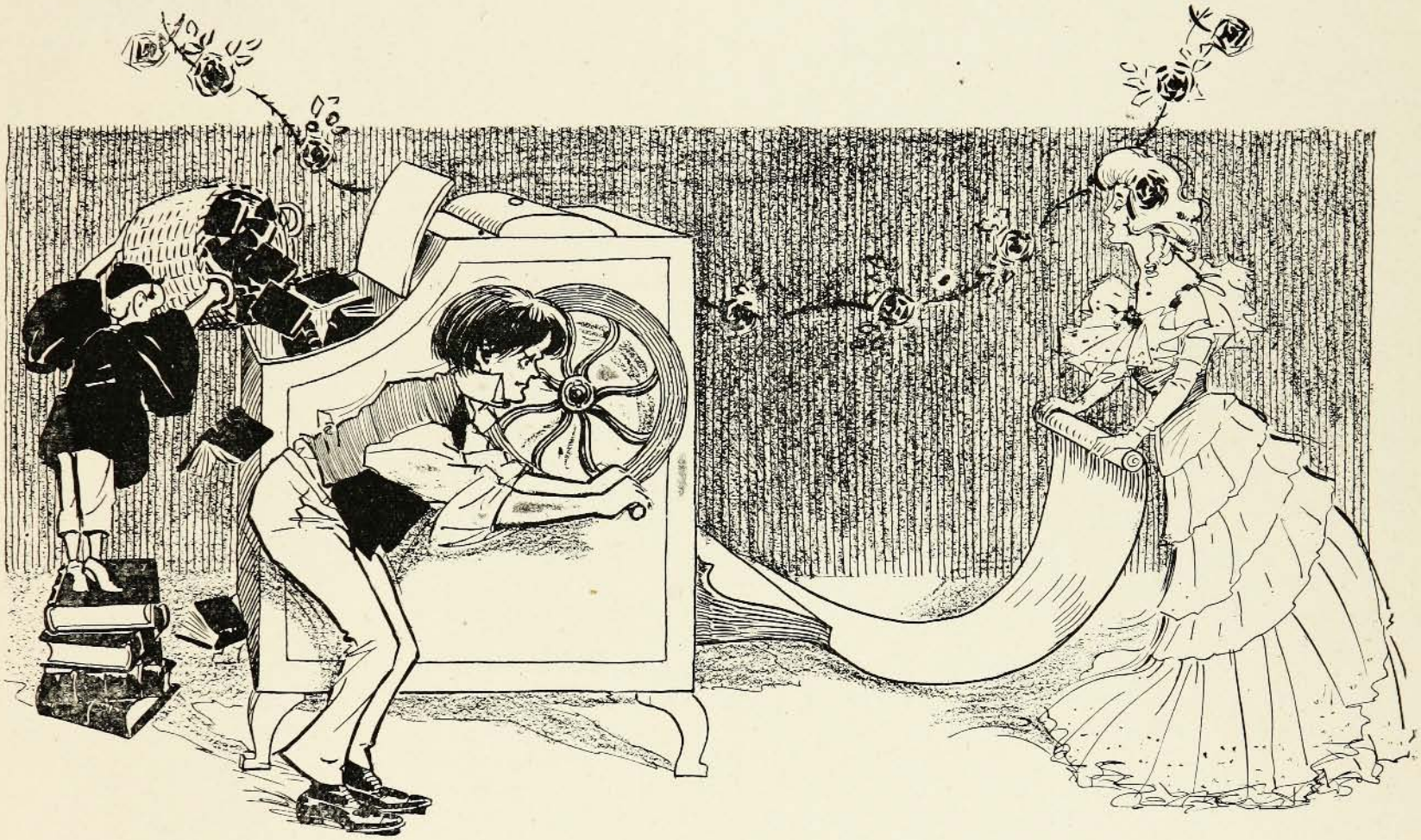
"When the summer sun is sinking
Adown the clouding west,
And the squirrel for winter's biding
Carries food up to his nest;
When the leaves are turning yellow
And the harvest time is nigh,
I wonder if she loves me,
I wonder—with a sigh."

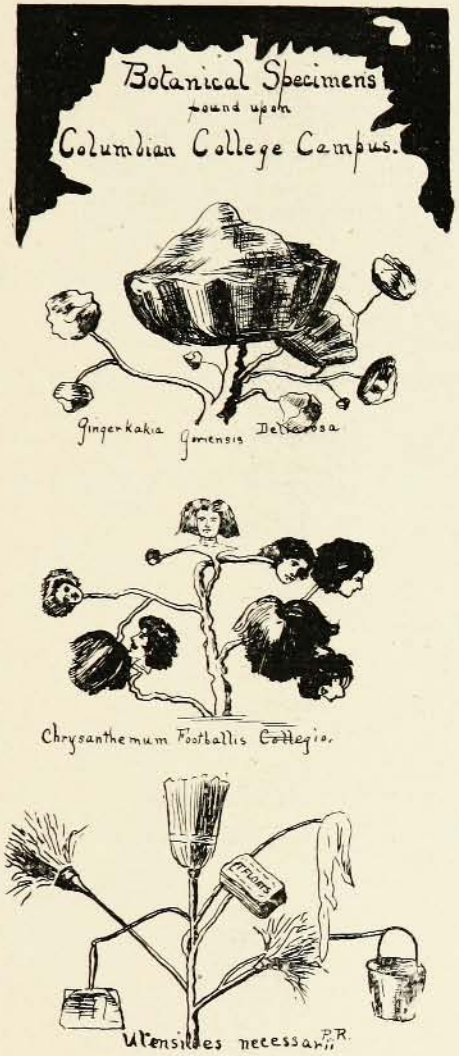
"When the snowdrops are down-falling
Upon the bleak old earth,
And the cheerful fire's calling
To the circle round the hearth,
When old Santa Claus is active
And the glad New Year is by,
I wonder if she loves me,
I wonder—with a sigh."

"When the blossoms of the springtime
Are scattered o'er the dale,
And Nature's myriad banners
Swing verdant in the gale,
When the merry-making party
Meets beneath the clear blue sky,
I wonder if she loves me,
I wonder—with a sigh."

"Will she meet me, will she greet me,
With a tender, loving kiss?
Will the other beaux supplant me?
Have I read her mind amiss?
Will she tell me all is over,
That our friendship is—goodbye!
I wonder if she loves me,
I wonder—with a sigh."

J. P. A.





The Grind Editors wish to state that they are not responsible for all the following:

Grinds.

"Winding and grinding,
Round goes the mill."

Manual of Etiquette for Professors.

Dr. ——N: Don't come to Chapel exercises, if possible, more than one day in the week. It may stimulate the students to do likewise; and too faithful an attendance on these early morning exercises is apt to make them unappreciative during the rest of the day.

Do not hesitate to show to any one who may daringly venture to assert an opinion differing from yours, that diplomacy and tact are essential characteristics of a minister, and impress upon him the truth of his own unimportance and littleness.

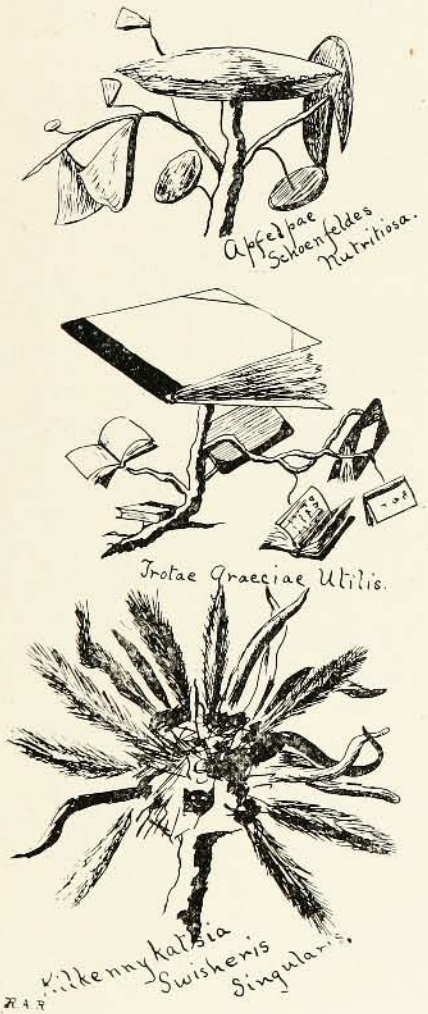
Do not fail to stand next to one whom you wish to make feel and look insignificant.

Dr. ——N: Don t fail in examinations to aim at making them comprehensive rather than terminable. Don't recognize that time is finite, and man—and woman, too—are merely human.

Do not hesitate to tease the members of the class at the end of each term by asking them mournfully why they did not do better on their examinations. You will encourage them to be modest, and it will give you extreme pleasure to see them brighten up when you tell them that they have made "A."

Don't ask the class if the lesson is too long; some things had better go without saying.

Dr. G——: Don't confine yourself to a text-book. That is too narrow and pedantic. Give talks on your journeys to the Far North—your scientific experiences. Do not forget to



bring in your standard jokes at every recitation; otherwise some unknowing and unappreciative student might call mathematics dry and uninteresting.

Do not forget to spend at least one hour a day in the Chapel gallery. It will give you an intimate knowledge of the students' studying (?) abilities.

Be sure to continually play with your cork-screw knife. It gives one a delightful sense of familiarity with the uses of a cork-screw.

Dr. H——: Don't neglect to give surprise examinations every now and then. You are thus enabled to comprehend more easily the extent of the knowledge of the class.

Don't fail to impress upon students that at infinity there is hope for them.

Do not forget to impale, with the hard icy glitter of your eye, any student who may chance to come late to class.

Be careful in making experiments that no explosions occur.

Dr. L——: In choosing questions for an examination, don't fail to provide for a complete abstract of the entire lecture course.

Don't demand less than a volume of 40 pages to satisfy the requirements of the questions.

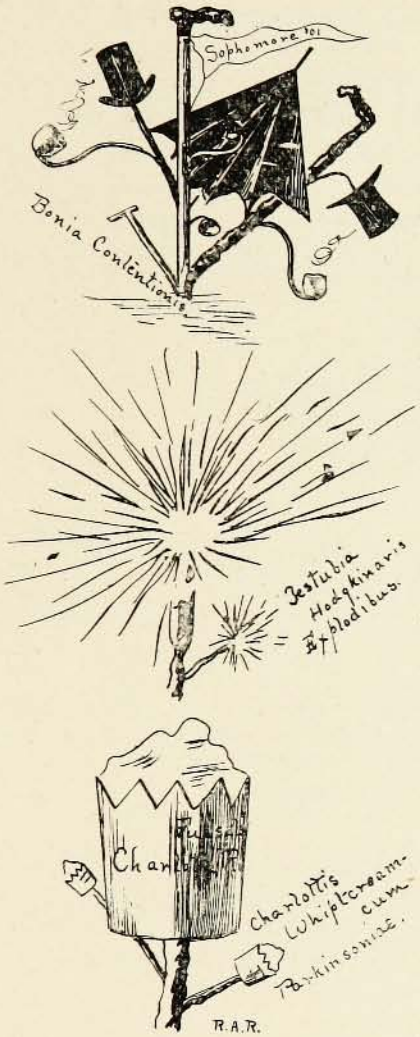
Don't be afraid to use chalk. A box or two wasted doesn't add much to the expenses of the College and does add vivacity to your lectures.

Don't encourage free trade and free silver discussions in class; they cause differences of opinion, and in unity lies strength.

Dr. S——: Don't make your sentences any more intelligible than is necessary to give them the true philosophical ring.

Don't be satisfied with the best work of the class. A little wholesale criticism will stimulate them to better work and make them enthusiastic over the psychological "Ego" and the ethics of suicide.

Don't, when it is very warm, have the windows opened more than a half an inch, and never allow that longer than two seconds. A little fresh air may clear away the vagueness and haze with which it is the special province of philosophy to surround the class.



Dr. M——: Don't fail to stimulate the class to better work by walking nervously up and down while lecturing.

Don't ever see or hear anything but what is intended should be seen or heard by you.

Don't take too great an interest in athletics; it doesn't pay—always.

Don't ever shock the College by appearing at Chapel exercises. The surprise would be too great a strain on the nerves.

Dr. S——: Don't fail to reassure the trembling student with "You and *I* together can do anything," with emphasis on the "I."

Don't hesitate to commend warmly the work of the student who continually takes advantage of the above-mentioned assurance. If he, by chance, has not prepared his lesson well and hesitates for a word, come to the rescue with a warm generosity and sympathy, answer fully yourself, and give him high praise in recognition of the brilliant recitation.

Dr. P——: Don't give to one person more than triple the work he can do, but be sure to assign that proportion; otherwise one might be idle and have a chance to attend to other lessons.

Don't fail to give social evenings every now and then. It aids in acquainting the students with each other and gives you an idea as to the character of each and what part of the Bible had better be assigned to each as an aid to development.

Prof. R——: Don't confine yourself to one subject; be broad and thereby be great.

Urge your class to observe the beautiful in art as well as in nature. Don't fail to emphasize the value of pleasant environment in developing the æsthetic sense.

Don't mind about incidental consumption of class time; there is always plenty of time for general discussions.

Dr. S——: Don't neglect to lay great stress on private reading. If a student does not feel a love for history now, he will never do so. Class-room work is simply the skeleton—the bare outline; private, outside reading is the flesh and sinews.

Do not fail to demand no less than six hours' preparation for daily recitations; otherwise the students will not be showing proper interest in the subject.

Don't make severe general remarks applicable to only one member in the class.

Don't make things too easy for those that are late; you will never secure well-disciplined classes if you do. It would be better to stop short, wherever you may be in a sentence, and fix your eyes on the offender until HE reaches HIS seat. Then gently remind HIM that HE has disturbed every member in the class. Under this method he will never (?) repeat the offense. (No limitations as to sex is meant here by the use of "he.")

Don't be impartially severe with all. Allowances must be made for those who come in with their wraps on. They have evidently been out on business and have *good reasons* for their tardiness.

Prof. W——: Don't fail to pause markedly at the close of the reading of each essay and wait until the conception of the whole has come upon your consciousness before you reward the anxious student with "That is an excellent paper." Such suspense and doubt are good for the moral training of the pupil.

Always hold your own opinion in the background until the over-confident student has declared his. Then calmly proceed, with an apologetic smile, to correct his effusions.

Prof. D——: Don't fail to keep the prose composition of the class rigorously to a Ciceronian standard; otherwise the students would not know pure Latin.

Don't fail to impress upon the students the beauty of the Latin rhythm by your rendering of it. This is especially appreciated after the student himself has tried to exhibit the beauty of the meter. Do not remember that "comparisons are odious."

Prof. R. P. C——: Do not fail to impress your former college-mates with the fact that you are not dignified, now that you are an instructor. The best way to enable them to understand this is to continue to run up and down stairs and to wear your plentiful hair in waving love-locks over your forehead to set off the fiery splendor of your eye.

WHEN, *i. e.*, ——

When you try to find the values of the letters x and y,
Till you can't tell "plus" from "minus," nor "divide" from "multiply;"
When you study Logarithms till your mind runs round and round,
So you can't tell any difference if the book is upside down—
Ask Dr. Hodgkins.

When you study Economics and are worried o'er Finance,
Till your brain becomes so weary that you fall into a trance,
And then see yourself a-walking in a "Klondike land of dreams,"
But awaken to discover that the world's not what it seems—
See Prof. Craven.

When you try to speak Italian, and your thoughts are ill at ease,
So that half the words you utter are in French or Portuguese;
When you get mixed up in Spanish till you think Cervera won
The big fight at Santiago, and that Dewey had to run—
Tell Prof. Ramsey.

When you read some Bible story and your mind begins to doubt,
'Cause it says the Hebrew children in the furnace walked about;
When your Hebrew has so vexed you that long weary hours you spend
In an effort to translate it by beginning at "the end"—
Call on Dr. Pollard.

When you study Engineering till you think you "have it pat,"
So that you could build a railroad or a modern city flat;
But on the examination, when your mind declines to think,
Till the knowledge which you thought you had at once begins to shrink—
Appeal to Prof. Freyhold.

When Geology you study till the "midnight curfew" rings,
Till your head feels like a mountain and your eyes like geyser springs,
And you in your heart determine that you'll never any more
Spend a moment of your lifetime reading "rock-formation lore"—
Send for Prof. Merrill.

When you study Homer's Iliad till you think yourself a Greek,
And till other people think it every time they hear you speak;
When you study over Latin till you think you're at Old Rome
Sighing for the joys of childhood round the fireside of your home—
Write to Dr. Dales.

When o'er Chemistry you study till your eyes begin to weep,
Till you dream you are a chemist every time you go to sleep;
As a chemist have to lecture every day and night at school
On the subject, "How an atom differs from a molecule"—
Go to Dr. Munroe.

When you on your German lesson study for three hours or more,
Then perceive you can't translate it any better than before,
Just be calm—you may discover that the trouble in your way
Is that your vocabulary has some words no one should say—
Submit it to Dr. Schoenfeld.

When you study on a problem of the falling of a rock,
Till you think that you have gotten a great big electric shock;
Till you almost wish that Physics were no longer in the course,
And had never been discovered the "perplexing laws of force"—
Insist on seeing Prof. Wolff.

When you Anglo-Saxon study till you can't think any more,
When you read Shakespeare and Chaucer till your very head is sore;
When you Rhetoric pore over till you think you know enough
About similes, hyperboles, and such confusing stuff—
Drop a note to Dr. Wilbur.

When you muse upon the planets, on the satellites and stars,
Till you think the rings of Saturn you can see encircling Mars;
Till you see a dozen comets where before you saw but one,
And the clouds beneath the heavens look like "spots upon the sun"—
Inform Prof. Rice.

When you read till you are weary of events so long ago,
Till you wish that you had lived then and had been a Pharoah;
When you worry over hist'ry till it hath no charms for you,
And you it but half remember—the best thing for you to do—
Is to see Dr. Farquhar.

When you study Jevons' Logic till you don't know "where you're at,"
Till you think a syllogism proves to you a dog's a cat;
When you try in vain to reason or the "laws of thought" recall,
But you can't find proof to offer that you ever think at all—
Speak to Prof. Hilliker.

— SOLUS.

SENIORS: "I thought I knew it all,
But now I must confess
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less."

COLLEGE: "Believe in the red on the rose."

J. HENRY ALTSCHU: "It would ill become me to be vain; but I really can't help looking like Napoleon. You can't blame me for taking advantage of that, you know."

C. B. BACON: "See thou be worthy to be known."

J. WILLIAM BEATTY : "He's bad at poetry, but at school he's a brick !
So good at his Latin (?), at cricket, foot-ball,
Whatever he tries at ; and then he's so tall !"

G. M. BERRY : "Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did bear a boozing can."

BRONSON C. BUXTON : "Did any one say I was not fond of girls ? Then why did I get myself elected captain of the Bicycle Club, with the privilege of riding with any girl I wish ? But do not ask me why I did not go riding Saturday, April 22. Sometimes I prefer talking and Freshmen."

PAUL COCKERILLE : "I doubt if hard work ever yet hurt anybody." "Were you speaking of me ?"

E. KENDALL CUTTER : "Leave to others the shamming."
"Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink,
So he may cease to write and learn to think."

LIDA DRAPER : "Not to be laughed at and scorned because little of stature, for sometimes very wise and serious thoughts come to me. I do wish that they would come when they are wanted !"

G. EMERY GREEN : "A mother's pride, a father's joy."
"There was one who was famed for the number of things he forgot."

ROLVIX HARLAN : "Where Truth her holy warfare wages
Or Freedom pines, there let thy voice be heard ;
But when college work *our* time engages
We'd rather not hear *thy* word."

ALPHONZO AUGUSTUS HOBSON : "I want to be *Hobsonized*. Won't some one take pity on me ?"

WILLIAM S. MANNING (sometimes known as "*Buck*") :
"I've played and danced all day, all night,
The long, long winter through,
Till now I am so tired, so tired,
I don't know what to do."

STANTON C. PEELLE : "My friends are the professors. My receptions are held every hour after class."

PRESTON B. RAY : "Yes, gentlemen, I am engaged ; but indeed, I assure you, I couldn't help it."

G. IRVING RAYBOLD : "Whoa, Emma ! I like not only to be loved, but to be told I am loved."

INA A. SMITH : "Girls fain would know the end of everything."

SELMA MASON : "On bicycle rides I go to race,
And with Miss S(wartwout) I set the pace ;
And at a dance, talk is a bore ;
I go to dance, and want nothing more."

ELSIE M. MCKELDEN : "Duplice in diversum scinderis amo."

FRANCES C. NEWLANDS: "Almost a young lady, I'll soon wear a train,
And do up my hair, but I'll never be vain.
I'll study and study and grow very wise."

ETHELDREDA L. NORRIS: "Not a young, giddy, thoughtless maiden."

Mrs. PARKMAN: "I do not approve of wearing feathers, velvets, or leather. My ideal gown—the one I dream of—is a white, loosely flowing robe, fastened around the waist with a golden girdle. Can you imagine me in it?".

THE CLASS OF '99.

Somehow I have just been thinking,
And my thoughts four years are linking,
 Forging them into a pleasant mem'ry's chain;
And I find myself possessing
An unmarred and valued blessing
 Which, when stolen by Time's flight, I'll ne'er regain:
'Tis the mingling with these students
Who are gifted with that prudence
 Which, in fields of wisdom only, always thrives;
Here are men with wise ambitions,
Worthy of life's best positions,
 And young maidens who would make the best of wives.
There's our President, Frank Skinner,
Who unanimously was winner
 Of the honor which this office gives to him;
He has proved himself quite able;
He would sit behind the table
 And there exercise his functions with a vim.
Wisdom all his acts has guided,
For he is a man provided
 With a fund of wisdom at his own command.
He went off with Col. Harries
When he went to see Linares
 In the trenches down in Santiago land.
There among the sick and wounded,
Where the death bells oft were sounded,
 He stood like Gibraltar's great majestic wall;
'Tis said thoughts that did remind him
Of the girl he'd left behind him
 Helped him to ward off the danger till "the fall."
But we have another soldier
Not less honored, if no bolder,
 Who reward for merit early did acquire.
'Mong the first so filled with rapture
Hayes set out to make a capture,
 And he got a prize without a single fire.
Having thus secured his fortune,
He went down to give a "scorchin'"
 To the Spanish, and the trouble there to quell;
But, unlike Lieut. Skinner,
It made him a good deal thinner
 Thus to leave behind the one he loved so well.
Mr. Hood is quite amusing;
It will always be confusing
 How he managed to "get through" this final test,
For his sweethearts seven numbered,
And his mind was so encumbered
 With the problem—which of them he loved the best.

But this way he now explains it,
And his work of late sustains it,
 Though for three years only "good times" he did seek,
He to duty did awaken,
And this year has studies taken
 Which amounted to near thirty hours a week.
Then there's Mr. Alexander,
Who was always prone to wander
 'Round with an arm-load of books, and on the run.
From the books he always carried
And the way he never tarried,
 You would think he took the four years' course in one.
Since this class organization
It appears, from observation,
 That we have a "group of statesmen," so to speak:
As a politician, Weller
Rivals Colorado's Teller,
 For he'll "bolt" a recitation any week.
Blakelock, Cross, and Boyle, and Hillyer,
Any one's enough to fill you
 With amazement at his politizing mien;
Also Todd, who takes to Hist'ry,
Portner, who's to all a myst'ry,
 And the "little boy" that's married, Ralph Mareau.
Armstrong's proved himself efficient
In a manner quite sufficient
 In the tactics that a lobbyist displays,
And he's in his height of glory
When you'll hear his endless story,
 Though he never thinks to tell you what he says.
But their good contemporary,
Mr. Beeler, secretary,
 Is unlike the "politician," I should say;
He's not changed by quick emotion;
He's a man of fixed notion,
 For he always combs his hair the same old way;
He's a man of purpose steady;
Always had his lessons ready;
 And whoever sought to be first in the class
Always found our secretary
Just sufficiently contrary
 Not to let this anxious student him surpass.
In the front ranks has been working
Mr. Underwood; ne'er shirking
 From the duties that fell to him day by day.
He is known to sometimes wonder
If it is not through some blunder
 That the earth does not rotate the other way.
We've a poetess, Miss Yancey,
Who for English has a fancy;
 For the graduating class of '99
She is the "redeeming feature;"
She's a brave Virginia teacher,
 For she does not fear at all the "bearded" Lyon.
Mr. Twitchell has been striving,
And himself ofttimes depriving
 Of enjoyments, that he might this landmark reach.
It is thought he'll be possessor
Of great fame as a professor,
 For geology henceforth he aims to teach.
There's a man of priestly bearing,
And a sage look always wearing—
 Mr. Townsend—and in any enterprise,
If you show him there's something in it,
He will help you to begin it,
 As he proved by "taking in" the first Fitch prize.

Mr. Meigs is unassuming ;
Never known to be presuming
 The professors in "book learning" to surpass ;
But it is my own conviction,
And I fear no contradiction,
 That he is the "hardest kicker" in the class.
The "Geologists" were rambling
When they saw tall Hopkins scrambling
 For a crystal which he saw but didn't know ;
Then with it he rushed up proudly ;
The professor, laughing loudly,
 Said, "That's pretty, but 'tis frozen H_2O."
There's a tall and slender fellow,
With a complexion slightly yellow,
 Who decided for this larger class to wait—
Mr. Eldridge—who got married.
This is why he thus has tarried
 And not numbered with the class of '98.
One, a lover of contention—
Always ready for dissension—
 Without which a recitation seemed too "dry,"
And, according to the nature
Of our modern nomenclature,
 "Mr. Lupton" is the name we know him by.
Let me call your close attention
To an offer which I mention,
 Though it may be it already you have seen :
There is a young man with long, flowing
Hair which still is longer growing,
 And I think his name is Mr. Guy Marean.
A large comb will be awarded—
Best by Washington afforded—
 To the one who ever sees him anywhere
And should hear an intimation
Or should see an indication
 That within the last fortnight he'd combed his hair.
Time to us has been revealing
That into our midst was stealing
 Cupid, and he's found a victim —Mr. Brown.
There's a young and handsome maiden,
And with thoughts of her so laden
 Is his soul at times that he just wanders round.
But he earnestly has labored,
For his work was ever flavored
 With the hopes which he has had for days to come:
When his school days all are ended
And the joys of two are blended
 In a cottage—that anticipated home.
Now, I ween that when I'm aged,
In reverting thoughts engaged,
 I shall often think of joys which here I find—
Joys that feed the soul with pleasure,
For I've feasted without measure
 While here toiling with the class of '99.
I would leave a mem'ry's token
When this student band is broken ;
 'Tis a promise that I'll often think of you ;
And, ye students of the College,
Love for you we do acknowledge,
 And professors, all we bid a kind adieu.

(A critic of the above advised Mr. Manning to take "*Paine's Celery Compound.*" "It cures that *tired feeling.*")

Class-room Quizzers.

(In Astronomy Class.)

Prof. RICE (having solved an equation and obtained a value for x): "Now, what did I say x was equal to?"

CHORUS OF VOICES: "Distance the moon travels"— "equals the"— "varies inversely as"— "earth's mass mal— tangent of the ang"—

Prof. RICE: "Thanks; I see you *have the idea very clearly.*"

Some Quizzes.

Prof. PRIEST: "Mr. Taggart, about how long did the war of 1861 to 1865 last?"

Mr. TAGGART: "Please excuse me this evening, Professor, I'm not prepared."

Prof. WILBUR: "Miss Allen, who wrote the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin?"

Miss ALLEN: "The book doesn't state, but I think it was Irving."

Prof. RAMSEY: "Mr. Lupton, name five famous classic French writers."

Mr. LUPTON: "Charley Main, Aristotle, Roger Williams, Maillet, and Joan who wrote the history of the Ark."

As Heard in the Class.

(In History Class.)

Prof. SWISHER: "What method of capital punishment was most in vogue at the beginning of this century?"

BRILLIANT STUDENT: "I believe the guillotine usually took the head."

(Any one who wishes may claim the credit of this joke.)

SCOTT: "Hello! Roane, how are you getting along now?"

ROANE (who has just come out of Rhetoric class): "My trousers of ambition have been considerably frayed of late by disappointment, but they are still held up by the suspenders of hope."

Miss NEWLANDS: "Am I too large for short skirts?"

Miss NORRIS: "No; see, I wear them."

Prof. RAMSEY: "The Barber of Seville"—Nuff Ced.

Juniors, College.

"What hath God wrought?"

HARRY COBURN: "Conductor, please let me off at Cleveland Park."

H. B. FULLER: "Ma, gimme a cent; I want to be tough."

TOOTS STERRETT: "You know I hear these remarks at the frat. rooms, so I introduce them into my conversation."

Reverend LARCOMBE: "I'm a little hazy on that subject."

UNCLE SAM HAWS: "Crops is doing fine down in our section."

M. W. LINDSEY: "By merit raised to that bad eminence."

JOHN WINTHROP MATSON: "Cherchez la femme, if there's anything wrong with married or single men."

CHARLES B. KELLER: "I didn't know whether it meant the man himself or his father."

H. TENNYSON DOMER: "Instar montis."

COLTON MAYNARD : "What shall I do to be known forever?"
"It is much easier to be critical than correct."

ELSIE E. PARKINSON : "She dealt no upbraidings and shed no tear
When sketches promised did not appear."

ROSALIE A. ROBINETTE: "She was made for happy thoughts."

Corcoran Scientific School.

Miss WEST : "An auctioneer in water colors."

Miss BREWER : "O, my darling Clementine."

Mr. OLDBERG : "O, what power of arranging, combining, discerning,
Digesting the masses he learned into learning!"

Mr. SCOTT : "The time I've spent in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies in a woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing."

Mr. THOMPSON : "I loaf and invite my soul."

Mr. HOLT : "The bunco man is not hard to please. He usually takes the simplest thing he can find."

Mr. PIERCE : "Lightning change artist. Two performances weekly."

Mr. DAVIS : "Boys, please do not laugh about examinations. They are entirely too serious a matter."

Mr. TAGGART : "Domestic happiness is the only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall."

Mr. THATCHER : "German strikes me as very much like English, only more so."

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
A college annual of long ago,
Written before the wisdom-seeking maid
The college walls did know.

Into deep thought I fell. Throughout the land
I saw, where'er is whisper'd learning's name,
Beauty and Wisdom treading hand in hand
The upward path to fame.

The far-renowned brides of modern verse
Peopled the hollow dark, bright-shining stars;
I heard of lessons long unlearned, or worse—
Echoes of mimic wars.

I heard the clattering of "ponies'" feet,
And gentle voices sounding through the halls;
But silence dread, instead of music sweet,
Within the chapel walls.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
In a bare room, with tables greenly clad
And empty shelves, whose implements of war
Long since departed had.

I knew the walls, the barren walls; I knew
The frightful glimmer of the painted host
Who glared with fearful look upon the few
Who sought their presence most.

At length I saw a vision in the east,
A being than a sculptur'd queen more fair,
With stately figure—five feet five, at least—
Brown eyes and auburn hair.

Her loveliness with wonder and surprise
Froze my swift speech. She, turning on my face
The star-like glances of her flashing eyes,
Spoke, laughing, in her place.

"Men called me beautiful. Ask not my name;
Columbian will still remember me.
Many put study by. Where'er I came
Were love and jealousy."

"No marvel, sovereign lady, in fair field
Myself for those bright eyes had boldly died,"
I answer'd free, and, turning, I appeal'd
To one that stood beside.

But she, with sad and mournful looks averse,
To her full height her tiny stature draws.
"My life," she weeps, "was blasted with a curse;
But love was not the cause.

"I was cut off from hope in that sad place
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears.
'Twas chlorine sent this kerchief to my face,
And sulphur caused these tears."

I turned me from her lamentations dire,
And saw one with a crimson scarf unroll'd;
A purple ribbon hung about her neck;
Her dress pink, green, and gold.

A stream of words pour'd forth with steady power,
Though but a single sentence could I know:
"I have no one to talk to in this hour;
This is my only woe."

When she made pause I knew not for delight;
But swift I turned away,
And saw one who in Afric's darkest night
Had sought to kindle day.

My words leapt forth: "Now, don't you wish you'd stayed
At home uneaten?" She made answer high:
"No, never; though a pot-pie, I was made
A gravied death to die."

And with that answer dawn'd the morning light
Ere I the maiden saw, of gory fame,
Or her who boasted a sea-rover's love
Yet scarcely knew his name;

Or her whose history (class) was sad and drear
Because of fondness for the pencil'd face;
Or those who scraped along from year to year
By the professor's grace;

Or those who came as ghastly spectre throng
Or as "devouring angels," fair to see;
Or those who woke the echoes far with song
And piercing melody.

All, all was faded. By what anxious pain
Inspired, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again!
Yet no two dreams are like.

And yet I hope, in that enchanted land
Some time again in slumber I may be,
And of that ne'er-to-be forgotten band
The forms and faces see.

F. W. S.

SOPHOMORE : "I know what study is ; it is to toil
Hard through the hours of the sad midnight watch."

College.

BLANCHE BIRCH : "You look wise. Pray correct that error."

CECILIA FRANZONI : "Always busy and always merry."

FLORENCE FRISBY : "A good child, on the whole, if only she will keep her hands clean."

CHARLES F. FULLER : "Bone away, old man. Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

EVELYN E. KNIGHT : "I won't be dull and faded and gray,
And drudge in the household from day to day
Like some of the women I know,
But I mean to grow fresher every year."

BESSIE LYNCH : "Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds. Why didn't you save some lunch for two hungry Seniors ?"

G. E. SLAYBAUGH : "Always doing his very best
To make things lively for the rest ;
But his renown will never fade,
For he plays 'Selections from the Serenade,'
And
At
A
Georgia
Camp-meeting."

HARRY B. SMITH : "Be sure of your facts, your measures, and your weight,
At Physics exam. you will meet your fate."

PEARL THÖNSSEN : "Carry learning to its height ;
It pays to be considered bright."

Miss THÖNSSEN)
Mr. WHITNEY) "Enjoyed great things and small,
But one another's company
Enjoyed they most of all."

The Sophomore and Junior girls,
By the Nine Gods they swore
That the wild horde of Freshmen
Should go untamed no more.
By the Nine Gods they swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade their messengers ride forth,
East and west, and south and north,
To summon their array.

East and west, and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And Soph and Fresh and Junior
Have heard the trumpet blast.
Alas for trembling Freshmen
Who crouch in sorry plight,
The prey to cruel Sophomores
Upon that bloody night.

I wis, 'mongst all the Freshmen
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached and fast it beat
When that "invite" was told.
Forthwith uprose the Freshmen,
Uprose the Freshmen all;
In haste they donned their oldest gowns
And fled the college wall.

And by the muddy river
Was tumult and affright,
For to the city's border
The Freshmen took their flight.
A mile without the city,
Drawn by the Sophomores' power—
A fearful sight it was to see
In dreary even'g hour.

Just then a rumor gathered,
"The Sophomores are here!"
The Freshmen's gloomy faces
Were blanched with sudden fear;
And when, with tears of terror,
They looked along the way,
They saw a fearful messenger
In panoplied array.

Then out spake bold Horatia,
On whom the Muses wait:
"To every girl upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
In this unequal contest
Two may the victors be;
Now who will stand on my right hand
And brave the fight with me?"

Then out spake brave Loquacia,
Virginian proud was she:
"Lo! I will stand on thy right hand
And brave the fight with thee."
And then, in fear, but dauntless,
The Two were led away,
Led by the cruel messenger
In panoplied array.

Blindfolded and unseeing
On went the dauntless pair
Up winding steps of wood and stone,
Up to the Sophomore lair;
And when their eyes were opened
They saw a ghastly sight,
A horrid band of demons red,
And spectres robed in white.

With groan and shriek and mutter
The spectre band outroared,
And down below, in silence sad,
Shuddered the Freshmen horde;
But the brave Two stood fearless,
'Mid goblins grisly green,
And chilly, chattering monsters,
Through flickering shadows seen.

Then seized that ghastly company
 Upon the gallant Two,
And spake to them with words of ice
 That chilled them through and through.
They fed them bloody potions,
 And chunks of salt galore;
They tore Horatia's headdress,
 Loquacia's pigtails tore.

And when, their torture ended,
 The Two, in dungeon laid,
Heard coming up the stairway
 Each trembling Freshman maid,
In vain Loquacia shouted,
 Horatia wrung her hands;
Each trembling Freshman fell a prey
 To cruel Sophomore hands.

And as the brave Horatia,
 Loquacia by her side,
Stood out before the Sophomores,
 In all their Sophomore pride;
So stands each trembling maiden,
 Unmindful of the foe,
Till, hand in hand, the Freshman band
Speed from the gloomy shades, and stand
 In regions light below.

When in the brown October,
 From Fresh to Soph they turn,
And to tease the verdant Freshmen
 Their haughty spirits burn,
With pride and scornful laughter
 The story will be told
How well *they* stood *their* frightful tests
 In Freshman days of old.

FRESHMAN: "Non sine dis animosus infans."

BERTHA W. CLARK: "A creature quite too fair and good
For savage nature's daily food."

LOLA M. EVANS: "Oh, a little more mathematics,
And a little more Latin, too;
A little more Greek, five times a week,
And then, my dears, we're through."

QUERY: Is this all Miss Evans thinks of? Ask Mr. B——.

WESTON B. FLINT: "Kindly leave Steele alone or the Sparks may do damage."

MAY E. FORD: "I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy."

E. L. HOSKINS: "A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush'd at itself."

BOYNTON McC. LEACH: "Little boy red, come shut your face,
The Freshmen have done the Sophs.
Much worse would it have been for them
Had it not been for the Prophs."

LUCINA F. McGROARTY: "Some say she looked in only one direction at the Glee Club Recital, but we believe she is too young to love."

ROBERT L. MCWHORTER : "The boy sat in the damp coal-vault,
The Sophs—they had all scattered ;
His shirt was rent, his face was bent,
His nose with blood bespattered."

ROLLAND B. MOORE: "The man with the base-ball mustache—nine on a side."

ARTLEY B. PARSON : "There is nothing like popularity to keep a man busy."

FRANCES SANDERS : "I have thirty brothers. Isn't it nice ? "

Mam'selle SHALLENBERGER : "Bobby Shafts 's gone to sea ;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shafts."

FLORA W. SMITH : "To be famous when you are young is the fortune of the gods. Ergo : how godlike I am."

PAUL SPERRY : "The youthful Paderewski."

DOUGLAS B. STERRETT : "Our Freshman Edison, of electric fame, who hails from Evansville. He doesn't see the necessity of studying when one's name is good."

M. B. STEWART : "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
And make each individual hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."
"Maggie, Maggie, lovely lad,
How does your golden hair grow ? "

W. G. STUART : "They call me Achilles—swift of feet—
'Ole Hoss,' and other names as sweet."

ELSIE TURNER : "Ful wel she sang the service divine,
Entun'd in hir nose ful semely."

Conundrums.

Who are the most beastly men in the University ? Professor Wolff and Mr. Lyon.

Who would make a good prize fighter ? Mr. Armstrong.

Who will probably never get married ? Professor Priest.

Who is afraid to go to China ? Professor Rice.

Who won't eat fried eggs ? Mr. Boyle.

Who pleases the ladies better in the winter than in the summer ? Mr. Hood.

Who enjoys better health than anybody else ? Mr. Weller.

Why was the tuition raised ? In order to help pay for the new bicycle racks recently placed in the basement.

What is the duty of a chemistry professor ? The duty of a fireman.

Who always makes fun of a sailor ? Guy Marean.

Why is Leach like a foreign emigrant ! Because he is fond of Newlands.

What is Miss McKelden's favorite color ? Green.

Why is Mr. Cutter's name appropriate ? Ask Dr. Sterrett.

Why is Miss McKelden so bright ? Because she uses Emery.

Specials.

"Within this organization lies the mystery of mysteries."

RUTH D. DART: "In that little head she bears
Such a wondrous stock of knowledge
That were I to tell you half
You would think she'd been to college."

CHARLES MAIN: "Our Charlie writes poems 'bout every old thing;
At the President, even, he will have his fling;
And when he's a great man—a poet, you see—
Oh dear! how proud of our Charlie we'll be."

GUSTAVUS L. MONROE, JR.: "Now, who's this young man, I should like you to guess,
With the passable face and the very fine dress?
With his spotless white linen and boots freshly blacked,
You'd think from a band-box he'd just been unpacked."

EDNA MUIR: "I am very fond of Pennsylvania. See my pin."

MARY B. RICHARDS: "To be or not to be—a Special;
Then better not be."

HARRIET M. SWARTWOUT: "The class poetess is she,
And 'thereby hangs a tale.'"

GEORGE SYKES: "Come hither, ye who would learn mathematics, and I will tutor ye."

MATILDA D. WRIGHT: "She is full of her oddities, crotchets, and whims;
She plays the piano, sings fragments of hymns,
Makes calls and receives as polite as you please;
In any society quite at her ease."

Miss YANCEY: "O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see."

"What Became of Auntie."

Mr. Roane gives us the following veracious account of one of his vacation experiences: Having wandered far from my hotel one day, I was obliged to ask for a bed at a neighboring farm-house. On rising the next morning I found myself without tooth-powder; but on looking around I espied on the mantel-piece a small round box containing powder, which I used.

When I paid for my bed I apologized to the farmer's wife for using her tooth-powder.

"Tooth-powder?" she queried. "We have none."

"Yes, my good woman; it was in a small round box on the mantel-piece."

"That!" she screamed, "that was not tooth-powder! That was Auntie! Auntie has been cremated!"

As Heard in the Class.

FRESHMAN : "Why do they call that little dog Manila Bay?"
SOPHOMORE : "Because he is such a harbor for scraps."

In German.

PROFESSOR : "Mr. Weller, you may translate."
Mr. WELLER : "Und — or and — — eh — —"
PROFESSOR : "And the army——"
Mr. WELLER : "And the army — — oh — — eh — — but —"
PROFESSOR : "And the army was driven back by the enemy, who received reinforcements just in time to save them from defeat."
Mr. WELLER : "Was — — so — — — I've lost the place."
PROFESSOR : "Sixth line."
Mr. WELLER : "Oh — et — — no, und — — or and the —"
PROFESSOR : "City——"
Mr. WELLER : "City was — — there —"
PROFESSOR : "Taken."
Mr. WELLER : "Oh, yes ; was taken."
PROFESSOR : "Good ! Mr. Boyle, take the next."

Professor WOLFF (to late student, who cannot find a seat) : "Please take Mr. Marean's feet off of one of those chairs, but be careful not to awaken him."

Dr. Gore has such a reputation for jokes among the students of the College that he has consented to do us the honor of submitting a few of his standard jokes to us. The members o each class will recognize, no doubt, the particular joke belonging to them.

FRESHMAN : "You're right and I'm wrong, as you always are."
SOPHOMORE : "That was only a slips-a-chalka."
JUNIOR : "Just shake them up a little and they will drop out."
SENIOR : From latest reports, the Professor has not yet obtained a joke sufficiently deep to be appreciated by the delvers in complex variables and elliptic functions. At the beginning of the year there was a joke in the class, but she has hied herself to other regions. Now, the only thing humorous is found on page 42, Baker's Elliptic Functions, after the sign of integration. It expresses the opinion of the class on that subject.

The following has been submitted as a grind. We are in doubt whether it is on Dr. Sterrett or on the Junior Class :

Dr. STERRETT : "I have a concept of Heaven, or of Hell, or of this class."
Dr. HODGKINS : "All things are possible at infinity."
CUTTER : "Will it be possible for me to get my degree at infinity?"
Dr. SCHOENFELD : "Mr. Robinson, translate 'Joanna setzte den Helm auf.'"
Mr. ROBINSON : "Joanna sat on the helmet."
Dr. SCHOENFELD : "We might laugh, if it were not so serious."
Mr. LARCOMBE (in Biblical Literature): "Esau wrote fables and sold the copyright for a bottle of potash."

Mr. BUXTON (in Physics): "Ice pounded up for dinner, if let stand too long, is not what it is cracked up to be."

Mr. CUTTER (in Political Economy): "Oh, I know all about Pittsburg. I was there two weeks."

Prof. LODGE: "Go on, Mr. Cutter, I am ready to be guided by your observations. I was there only fifteen years."

Tableau.—Cutter collapsed; Dr. Lodge, smiling.

Mr. SKINNER (of C. S. S., to gray-haired women students): "I am building a house for you down here."

WOMEN STUDENTS (eagerly): "Where? Where?"

Mr. SKINNER: "The Hall of the Ancients."

Mr. LARCOMBE (looking at the instrument which *registers* the speed of the wind): "Is this what *regulates* the wind?"

Major POWELL (in Political Economy): "Now, if I take this blackboard and count it one; this window, two; this chair, three; this eraser, four; this lady, five, they will all be equal to nothing."

QUERY: "Who is the lady?"

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Tune—"It was my last cigar."

I.—'Twas in the chapel gallery,
One gloomy April day,
A Freshman sat, on study bent,
His thoughts from strife away;
But when with cruel purpose came
The thievish Soph'mores bold
They tore from off that curly head
A shining lock of gold.

CHORUS.

It was a lock of gold;
It was a lock of gold;
Alas, the trembling tear proclaimed
He lost a lock of gold.

II.—They seized upon that gentle lad
And beat him oft full sore,
But bitter struggle did not serve
To shake their thirst for gore;
Nor cease they from the bloody strife
Till in their hands they hold
A trophy of their victory,
A shining lock of gold.—CHORUS.

F. W. S.

Grinds in General.

TO THE MALE OCTETTE: "How sour sweet music is when time is broke and no proportions kept."

THE COLLEGE FOOT-BALL TEAM: "Players that offer service."

THE FENCING CLUB: "With fingers weary and worn."

CUTTER, MAYNARD, BEATTY: "Now, by two-headed Janus, Nature has framed strange fellows in her time."

LEACH, FULLER, H. B.: "A pair of little boys at play,
Chasing a golden butterfly."

COLUMBIAN STUDENTS AT CHAPEL EXERCISES, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1899.

"The bird that can, but will not,
Should be compelled to sing!
The story and its moral
To modern memories cling."

TO ALMOST ANYBODY: "Oh, wearisome *Condition*."

Mr. Hobson is reported as being engaged. We were doubtful as to the veracity of the report until we heard him, with a tender look in his blue eyes and an upward curve of his "*moustached*" lip, translate in Latin:

"Non si densior aridis arestis sit nostrae seges osculationis."

"Not if the crop of our osculations is more dense than the dry beard of the ears of corn."

Heard at the Senior Breakfast.

HOBSON: "Why will Ray soon be like this orange and blue ribbon? Because he is going to double."

RAYBOLD (he's engaged himself): "I think it is because he will soon have the blues."

RAY: "No; it is because I will soon be the yellow dog."

Freshman Class Supper.

MARCH 9, 1899.

MENU.

Bread and Milk. Entrée of Milk.

Mellin's Food.

Boiled Milk. Soda Crackers.

One Lump of Sugar. Cambric Tea.

Humble Pie.

Perambulators may be ordered for 6.30 p. m.

Nurses may wait for their charges in the lobby.

TO MR. FLINT:

One noble youth his mind devotes
To translate Greek with only notes;
The morrow sees an eager crowd
Whilst he among them reads aloud;
Their warmest thanks the class outpour,
And praise him for his classic lore.

—*By One Whom He has Helped.*

Obituaries.

Here lies

ROUGH-HOUSE TAGGART,

Entered into rest January 13, 1878.
Departed this life January 21, 1899.

Piece to his hashes.

Sacred to the Memory

of

FRED N. HENDERSON,

Scared to death by a Co-ed from the Land
Of the Midnight Son.

Lay low and don't holler.

To the Bicycle Club:

A wheeling we'll go,
Heigho! heigho!
In rain or in snow,
Heigho! heigho!
Oh, where is club so jolly
As Buxton's band of cyclers gay?
But rides are nought but folly
If always the girl(s) stay 'way.

B. C. Buxton.

To Mr. Berry: We hear that Mr. Berry is going into the grocery business when he is graduated this year. Let us hope he will take warning from the fate of the Mr. Berry in the following anecdote, who sent in his bill to a comedian prematurely: When he received it the comedian said: "This is a mul berry. You have sent in your bill berry before it is due berry. Your father, the elder berry, would not have been such a goose berry; but you needn't look black berry, for I don't care a straw berry." But we forget that Mr. Berry is a Methodist, and as such will probably not have dealings with comedians.

Advertisements.

Lost and Found.

Lost—Two golden hours, Friday, April 14, 1899. Finder please return to G. E. Green and receive reward.

Lost, strayed, or stolen—One golden curl. Please return to M. B. Stewart. No questions asked.

Found—A new mathematics teacher. Thoroughly competent (in his own mind). Work done on strictly business principles. Money first; tuition later. Apply to Sykes, of New York.

Found—Sympathy and companionship between the members of the Senior and Freshman classes.

Lost—Two members of the bicycle club in Soldiers' Home; also Miss Randolph. Finder please return to Carl E. Whitney.

Wanted.

Wanted—Something to do. Address Frances Newlands.

Wanted—Some grinds for THE COLUMBIAD.

Wanted—More time to devote to art.—Misses Parkinson and Robinette.

Wanted—A villain for my new play, entitled "A College Girl's Romance."—E. E. Knight.

Wanted—Some one to run *The Philadelphian*, as we are about to retire from business.—Miss Clark and Mr. Hobson.

Wanted—Some one to listen while I talk "Free Silver *versus* Sound Money."—A. A. Hobson.

Wanted—A little more quiet in the College building.—Dr. Whitman.

Wanted—Subjects for orations for the Davis prize speaking contest; willing to buy them at any price.—Class of '99.

Wanted—Some one who can ride the bicycle as well as I.—Frances Randolph.

Wanted—To be taught how to ride the bicycle.—A. & F. W.

Wanted—A share.—Selma Mason.

For Sale.

By Faculty, final exams., a soothing syrup; remedy for Seniors; to be taken twice a day from Tuesday, May 2, to Wednesday, May 10.

Freshman Composition.

The Pic=ture of the Ed=i=to=rial Board.

I see a foot. Whose foot is it? It is Mr. Beat-ty's foot. What is the ta-ble for? It was put there to hide Mr. Beat-ty's foot. Why does it not hide Mr. Beat-ty's foot? Be-cause Mr. Beat-ty's foot is too large.

Answers to Correspondents.

Aunt Jemima.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER: Yes, Mr. Beatty has written another book of sonnets. The best of them is entitled "Gray Eyes of Brooklyn," and, to use a hackneyed phrase, "Thereby hangs a tale." Beatty insists that they are gray, but the fellow with him says they are brown. Beatty probably saw further into their depths.

ALTSCHU: As to the number of times you can have your photo taken for nothing, I can state it depends somewhat upon the photographer. If he is the one with red hair and prominent pale blue eyes, I may safely say that one sitting would be sufficient for both of you. If it is the young lady, simply wear your most angelic smile and await results.

NELLA SMITH: I agree with you that a girl at College should not entertain young gentlemen more than five times a week. As you say, it is not so much the time one spends with them that counts, but the time one spends afterward thinking about them.

L. M. EVANS : As to the color Mr. B—— prefers, I would say, from personal observation, that if you would wear a rare combination of bright orange and garnet you would be most charming in his eyes.

BUXTON : You ask what you must do if the new railroad is not completed before Washington College has its commencement. I would advise you to buy an automobile. It might be useful later. For further directions consult that eminent specialist, William S. Manning.

LEACH : Large bows tied under the chin in Lord Fauntleroy style are coming into vogue. I advise you to follow this fashion, as from the picture you sent me, I would judge it would be very becoming to your style of beauty.

F. WIREN: I am sorry you have had trouble in love affairs. Are you sure the gentleman in the case understood how you felt in the matter? I cannot give further advice because of personal inexperience.

CRITIC (to all whom it may concern): The article that you describe as either a headlight or a number of a cell in the District jail I have ascertained, after careful inquiries, to be a class-pin. The number '99 designates the year. The small letters in gold are *Collegium Columbianæ*. The stars, twenty-one in number, represent the applicants for a Bachelor's degree this year. The red is the class color. The only thing the designer was unable to get on the pin was the American Beauty Rose, the class flower. This was omitted because the floral decorations did not suit Mr. Cutter's artistic eye.

ELEANOR HANCE : The best way to run a dramatic club is to compose the play yourself, give yourself the principal part in it, allow your dearest friend to be the hero, your enemy the villain, and make the rest of the club curtain-raisers and chorus girls.

M. B. STEWART : I cannot advise you to sue the Sophomore Class for the loss of your "crowning glory." The best thing for you to do is to try Sutherland Sisters' Hair Restorer. I refer you to Mr. Green as one who has tried the remedy with great success.

MATILDA WRIGHT : You say your brother is so very popular that you cannot keep the girls away from him. I agree with you that it is a most annoying state of affairs. Tell him that if he ceases to dress in pale-blue suits perhaps he will not be looked at and admired so such.

Miss DRAPER : For advice concerning umbrella scrapes, I refer you to Mr. Maynard.

G. I. RAYBOLD : While excessive use of corn-cob pipes or cigarettes is not especially injurious, it stumps the manly beard.

Miss PARKINSON : A grandmotherly air is especially becoming in a young lady. I advise you to assume it on occasions when you wish to be dignified. But at no time is it proper for a young lady to carol forth selections from the latest opera.

Miss DRAPER : After one has accepted an invitation to a dance it is always necessary to pay a party-call as soon as possible afterward.

P. B. RAY: It has always been observed that a fraternity man without his fraternity pin is engaged. Inquiries have been made as to the whereabouts of your Φ K Ψ pin. Can you inform all anxious minds as to this vital point?

Miss MCKELDEN: The personal question you ask me is rather difficult to answer, and yet it is one that has been asked me many times. I advise you not to interfere, but let the matter drop.

G. M. BERRY: From your description of the symptoms of the disease with which you are troubled, I would imagine the best remedy for you would be expansion. What you need is more room in which to grow. When you rise to speak in Enosinian, try to have a great vacant space about you. Enlarge. Enlarge your body—except your feet and your capacity for eating. Enlarge your mind. Enlarge your heart.

E. K. CUTTER: Frankly, I would state that your series of papers on religion do not show evidence of a thorough understanding of the principles you try to refute. I advise a more earnest and *conscientious* research.

Dr. SWISHER: I am sorry I cannot tell you what is the object of the music (?) in the Chapel Wednesday afternoons at 2.15. Perhaps Mr. Beatty can inform you whether it is a chorus of male applicants for Grand Opera or a band of worthy rivals of the Glee Club, commonly heard serenading at night, in our back yards.

A. A. HOBSON: Let me give you a piece of information. Only two kinds of jokes are used in the COLUMBIAD—good jokes and Professors' jokes.

ASPIRANT: The book entitled, "The Surest Way to Rise in the World;" or "The *Elevating* Influence of the Sophomores," was written by George Sykes, of New York. This promising young author has already made a name for himself, although he is but eighteen years of age. He is now preparing a learned treatise on "How I became a mathematics teacher"

Miss BIRCH: So many letters have been sent asking for a strictly original fashion of arranging the hair that at the risk of receiving a rebuff, I write to ask you to send us a photograph of the back of your head with your hair arranged as usual.



Palmistry

1. Miss McKelden: A remarkably versatile character, quiet, melancholy, fond of resting; will achieve marked distinction in a line somehow connected with the symbol ⊣∞⊢ which appears upon the head-line, but she will regret upon her death-bed that she did not "confine her researches to the dative case." The fringed heart-line denotes the number and variety of her admirers.

Well skilled was she in needle-work,
Egyptian she could speak,
Could manufacture griddle-cakes,
And jest in ancient Greek.

2. Mr. Hood: Laziest mortal in school; understanding mainly in feet, which he carries on high; writes best notes in French because most slangy; has a talent for acting Bowery plays; knows how to yell; his heart is carefully laid aside in a friar's hood, but his heart-line is present, and its peculiar formation denotes that his wife will be very docile; manners *winning*.

3. Mr. Beatty: An energetic temperament; he is punctual, courageous, a good public speaker, moderately honest, and for this reason popular with the masses; he will be a politician, twice President of the United States, Secretary of State under Dewey's second administration, and Dean of the Columbian Law School; will die at an advanced age, of fatty degeneration, holding until his death the Intercollegiate championship for the quarter mile, having reduced the time of Long, Burke, and Tarvis by one-half.

4. Mr. HOPKINS : Sweet, amiable, generous in bestowing flowers when obliged to ; trustful, especially in connection with picture frames ; a Sir Walter Raleigh in chivalry ; his special talent is for giving pleasure ; will be a great tragedian who works for "fun, not filthy lucre ;" the way to his heart is always open alike to the pretty girl, millionaire, and ashman ; interested parties invited to call.

5. Miss FELLOWS : Correctly styled by a classmate as "one of the salts of the earth ;" she is always not only a help, but an inspiration, to her fellow-students ; is such a combination that her equation may be written as follows :

$$\left[(\text{Unselfishness})^{2} + (\text{Kindness})^{3}\right]\left[(\text{Mathematics}^{4}) + (\text{Chemistry})^{7}\right] + \sqrt{\text{Physics} + (\text{Française}^{2} + \text{Deutch}^{2})^{2}} =$$

M'lle Fellows. For the state of her heart consult Cyrano de Bergerac.

6. Mr. LACEY : Loves to roam with Horace and drink Falerian wine ; hence poetic and imaginative disposition ; Greek dramatist and Latin romanticist. Kindness of heart is shown by prompting ignorant classmates. Inquire from street-car company as to state of his heart.

7. Miss ROBINETTE : Disposition variable ; talent—hasn't got any ; will probably make a living designing paper covers for tomato cans, or some equally pleasing occupation. She claims that her heart is in a perfectly healthy, normal condition. Ask her frat. sisters !

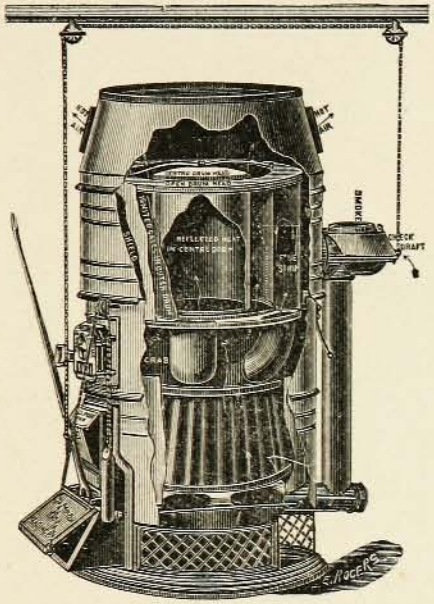
8. Mr. ALLISON : General appearance of the lines in palm indicate more religion than expected ; may develop later ; melancholy disposition ; special talent for journalism ; will become a poet ; heart given to palpitating at critical moments.

9. Miss PARKINSON : Nervous and exceedingly poetic temperament ; inherits a love for charlottes from a maternal great-aunt ; state of heart considered serious by her intimate friends ; will become a famous painter and die of a bad appetite on Christmas day, before she reaches the age of sixteen.

10. Mr. ALTSCHU : Restless temperament ; a man of untiring energy and mental activity, combined with a strong will and relentless ambition. He will specialize in the ancient languages and comparative philology ; will win fame by lecturing upon the "Greek drama." Observe that the heart-line is wanting.

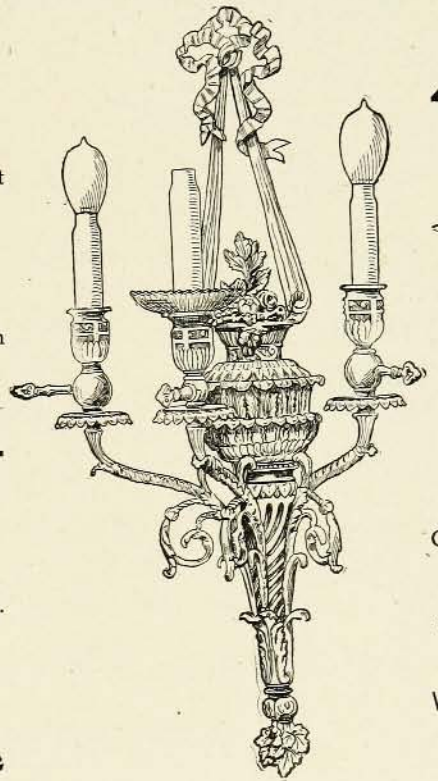
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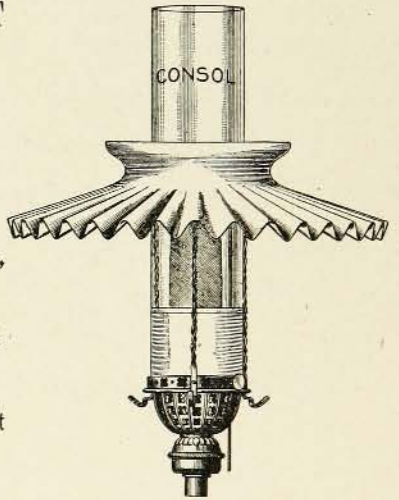
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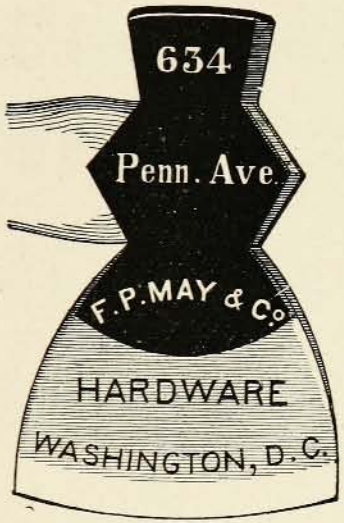
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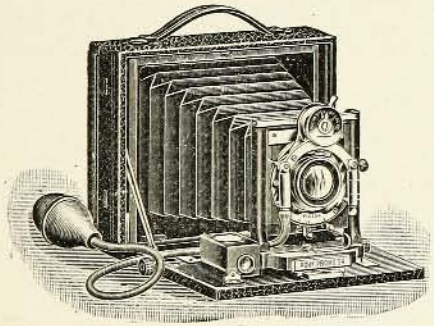
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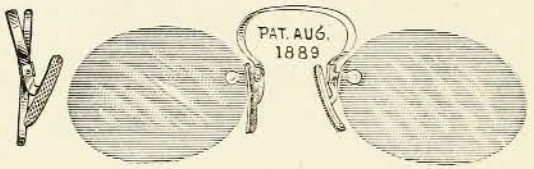
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